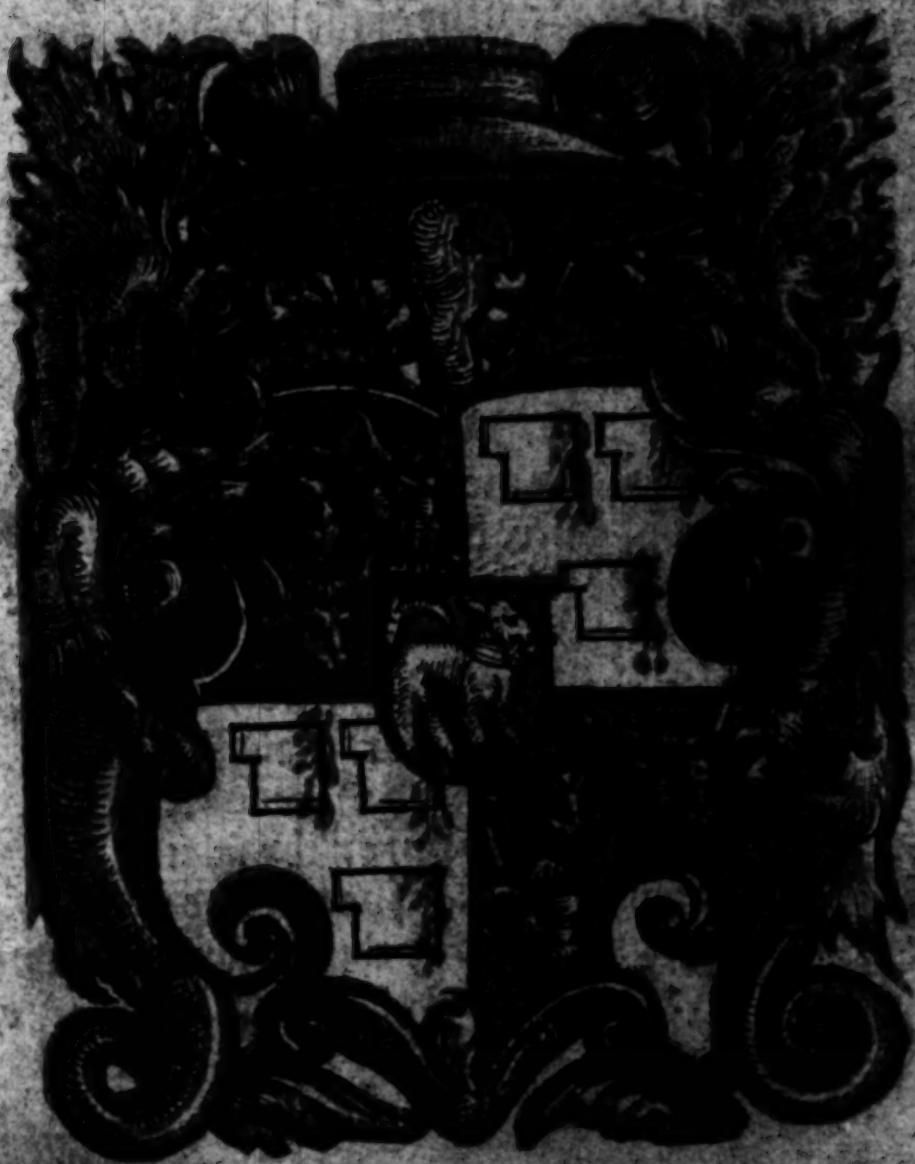


Rede me and be nott wrothe
For I saye no thyng but trothe.

I will ascende makynge my state so hye/
That my pompous honoures shall never dye.



O Caytife when thou thyntest least of all/
With confusion thou shalt have a fall.

The description of the armes.

Of the proude Cardinall this is the shelde
Borne vp betwene two angels off Sathan.
The fire bloudy ares in a bare felde
Sheweth the cruelte of the red man/
whiche hath devoured the beautifull swan.
Mortall enemy vnto the whyte Lion/
Carter of Yorcke/the vyle butchers sonne.

The fire bulles beddes in a felde blacke
Betokeneth hys stordy furiousnes
Wherefore the godly lyght to put abacke
He bryngeth in hys dyvlysshe darcknes.
The bandog in the middes doth expresse
The mastif Curre bred in Ipswitch towne
Gnawynge with his teth a fyngees crowne.

The clonbbe signifieth playne hys tiranny
Covered over with a Cardinals hatt
Wherin shalbe fulfilled the prophesy
Arise vp Iacke and put on thy salatt/
For the tyme is come of bagge and walatt
The temporall cheualry thus throwen downe
Wherefor priest take hede and beware thy crowne.

To his singuler goode frendt and bro-
ther in Christ Master. P. G. V.

O. desyreth grace and pea-
ce from God the fath-
er / who we the-
loide Jesus
Christ.



By youre last letter / dere brother
in Christ / I perceved / that youre
desyre was / to have the lytle worke which
ye sent / wele examened / and diligently put
into prynt. Which thyng (the bōde of cha-
rite / where with not alonly you ad I / but Joh. xv
we with the whole nombre of Christis cho-
sen flocke / remaynge amonge oure nacion
of englysshe mē / are fnet together / purly for
the truthe safe pondered) I coulde do no
lesse but fulfill and accōplysshe. For as mo-
che as it is a thyng so necessary. Where of
no doute / shall sprynge grett frute vnto the
fāmisshed / and lyght vnto theym which of
lōge seasō have bene sore blyndfolded. Th= Ma. xxi
ough the rāmysshe resydue of gores / so far
re enored with mānis blynde reason (wh=
ich repete grett felicite to make men beleve /
goode to be the naturall cause of evill / dark-
nes to procede oute of light / and lymge to

Mat. xxiij. be grownded in trouth/ and to make of the
 worde of lyfe the glave of death/contrary to
 all trueth)that scripture calleth theym faul-
 ce teachers/and bryngers in prevely of da-
 mpnable sectes/ evē denyinge the lorde that
 bought theym / and brynge on their owne
 heddes swyfte dampnacion/ for their leada-
 ynge of many into their dampnable waies.
 ap. xviij. Of whose boddies annd soules thus once
 Mat. viij. blynded and ledde out of the narrowe waye
 of lyfe/ into the broade waye of perdition/
 thoro we coverousnes they make their mar-
 chandysse. Wherby the waye of trueth (that
 is to saye the glorious gospell of Christ) is
 evill spoken of. In so moche that they after
 this maner sealed with the marke of the gre-
 att beast of the erth / whose consciences. S.
 apo xvi j. paul descrybeth to be singed with the hott ye-
 ro of blasphemy/ only geve hede to the spr-
 ites of erreure / and dyvelysse doctryne of
 theym which speake faulce through hipocri-
 sy/so:hyddynge to mary/ and cōmaundyn-
 ge to abstayne from meates and soche wo-
 ther)cannot but barfe there att/ forbid it/ad-
 with all violence persecute the reders there
 of. Yet. I neverthelesse with you/doinge as-
 fter the apostles erudicion/ as longe as I
 ii. Pe. iij. folowe no decevable fables/will not be ne-

gligēt to put my brethren in remembraunce
 ce (thogh they partly knowe them their sel-
 ves / and are stablysshed in the present trus-
 eth) of those thynges wherby they maye the
 more evidently note the disceatfulness of mor-
 tall man / and the better come vnto the know-
 ledge of the immortall god. Seynge the ty-
 me at hōde wherin god of his infinite mer-
 cy / hath ordered before to make theym tho-
 rowe Christ oure lordē parte takers also of
 his glorious will and purpos. evē as in the
 gospell oure saveoure before to all his hadd
 promesed. Therefore cōsyderynge the wor-
 lde thus to be wrapped in mysery and blin-
 dnes (ād now i these latter dayes becom an
 hole or denne of salce foxy hipocrites / and a
 manciō for all ravenynge wolves dysgyssed
 in lambes ffynnes / which hate all love / and
 with olte drede of god wander but for thei-
 re praye) have indged it a thyngē moste con-
 veniēt / to sett this smale treatous as a glas
 or myroure most cleare before all mens ey-
 es. In the peface where of manifestly they
 shall perceave / howe grete daunger nowe a
 dayes it is / the trueth oīher to describe with
 penne / or with tonge to declare. In the la-
 mentaciō folowynge / made by a bely beast /
 engendred amonge the gresy / or anoynted

Luc. f

Rom. i

2c. xiiij

Ebre. iij

mar. iij

xvi

lu. iij. ix

i. 3o. v

Lu. viij.

Ma. vij

Luc. vi

Ro. xvi

Ma. xviij. heape/wother wyse called the papysticall se-
 ct (whom Christ calleth a croked / vntaw-
 arde/and cruell generatiō of venemous vis-
 pers) they may surly groape and sele / whe-
 re of oure spretuall lordes / masters / and ru-
 lars (falcely so named) have proceded / and
 are come. with what presomcion they disd-
 ayne the auncient and true noble bloud. and
 what preeminēce and dignite they have ob-
 tained through their faulce and crafti bryn-
 ginge vppe of the blasphemous masse / wh-
 ich principallly is their holde / stede / and de-
 fence. Forthermore in the dialoge ensuyng
 or brese interlude / is mas describde with
 his abhominable ministers. as Popes / Car-
 dinalls / bisschops / abbotes / monkes / fryres /
 and lyke wother. wherein also is declared
 whatt trees they are with their frute. and
 what they shall remayne their masse once
 disanulled / and putt downe. Which all well
 consydered / I hoape that the reder what e-
 ver he be / will nott take this worke as a thy-
 nge convicious / or a principle of hatred and
 debate. no: yett despyse the ryches of the go-
 dnes / and of the pacience / of the longe so-
 ferance of god. but will remember that his
 kyndnes only leadeth hym to repentaunce.
 and mekely with the sprete of quyetnes / sy-

Ma. xviij.

rvij

Luce. ix

ma. xxiij

ma. vij.

epis. Ju.

Rom. ij

1. Cor. ij

est iudge it/and then cōsydre hym sylfe. and
 faultlesse he shall fynde it a grett occasion/to
 love/ and also to thācke god his father most
 mercifull / which of his tender mercy hath
 nōt delyvered hym vppe vnto a leawd my= Rom. 8.
 nde/with these vessels of wrathe / ād child= 3oa. viij
 ren of the devill/to do those thynges which Rom. ij
 are nōt comly/ful of all vnrightousnes/for
 nication/wickednes/covetousnes / malici= 1107
 ousnes.c^r.and sofered hym nōt to become
 lyfe vnto theym/ a hater of god / and of his
 godly worde.agaynst whose vngodlines/
 and vnrightousnes/the wrath of the heven
 ly god apereth. because they with holde the
 true rightōsnes of god / whiche cōmeth th= Rom. 8
 rowe the lyght of the gosspe of Chust/in the
 vnrightousnes of mans lawes and tradi= 1108
 tions.Ye/ād as sayth. S. paul/ though th= 1109
 ey knowe the rightousnes of god/howe th= 1110
 ey which soche thynges cōmitt are worthey
 of death/yett not only do the same / but also
 have pleasure in the doars of them. Where
 fore they are before god with oute excuse.
 seinge that knowinge god/they glorify hym
 nōt as god.nor yett are thankfull.but we= 1111
 re full of vanities in their ymaginations.
 countynge theym selves wyse where as in
 dede they are folles. For with their folysshe 1112

Joan.
vj. x.

mat. xij

Luc. xij

1. Cor. v

Luc. xij

ij. re. xij

Psa. cxv

ciiij

Cxviij

Joan. viij

Mat. v

and blynde hert/they tourne the glory of the
immortall god/vnto the similitude of the y=
mage of mortall man. He shall lykwyse clea=
arly perceve/ that we of duty colde do no lea=
sse / but for the preservaciō and tutell of the
innocent and simple/to declare the pestilent
doblenes/and decevable seducciō of the w=
icked. acordige to the doctryne shewed vn=
to vs every where by Christ oure master. wh
ich cam co save / annd not to destroye . For
one rottē apple/lytell and lytell putrifieth an
whole heape. a lytell sower leuen the whole
lompe of dowe . one rancflynge member/
the whole boddy. Shortly to cōclude. Here
in I am well perswaded/lett the vngodly ro
are and barcke never so lowde / that the fyre
which Christ cam to kyndle on erth/cannot
butt burne. that is to saye/his godly worde
forevermore encrease and cōtinue . Wher=
fore dere brother / yf eny mo soche smale stic
kes come vnto youre bondes/which ye shall
iudge apte vnto the augmētaciō of this fy=
re/sendē them vnto me (yf in englonde they
maye not be publissed) and by goddis gr=
ace with all my power ad possibilitie / I sh=
all so endever my sylfe to kyndle theym/that
as many as are of the sede of abrahā shall
se their light/and therby gloryfy their father

celestiall/which fepe you and youres contin-
nully strengthynge you with his spres-
te of comforte to his glory for ever
Amen.



[The Autho: of the worke.

Go for the lytell treatous nothyng a fraide.
To the Cardinall of Yorcke dedicate
And though he threatē the be not dismayde
To pupplysse his abhominable estate
For though his power he doeth elevate
Yett the season is now verily come
Vt inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

The Treatous.

O my autho: howe shall I be so bolde
Afore the Cardinall to shewe my face
Seige all the clargy with hym doth holde/
Also in faveour of the Kyngis grace
With furious sentence they will me chace
Forbiddynge eny persone to rede me
Wherfore my deare autho: it cānot be.

The Autho:.

Thou knowest very well whatt his lyfe is
Vnto all people greatly detestable/
He causeth many one to do amisse
Thorow his example abhominable.
Wherfore it is nothyng reprobable
To declare his mischese and whordom
Vt inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

The Treatous.

Though his lyfe of all people is hated
Yet in the masse they putt moche cōfidēce.

Whiche through out all the world is dilated
As a worke of singuler magnificence /;
Prestes also they have in reverence
With all wother persones of the spretualte
Wherfore my deare author it cannot be.

The Author.

O deare treatous thou mayst nott consyder
Their blynde affeccion in ignorance
Wherby all the worlde both farre amd near
Hath bene combred with lōge cōtinuāce
It is goddis will his trueth to avaunce
And to putt antichrist oute of his fygndō
Ut inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium

The Treatous.

Well yett there is greate occasiō of grudge
Be cause I apeare to be convicious.
Withouten fayle the clargy will me iudge
To procede of a sprete presumtuos/
For to vse soche wordes contumelious
It becōmeth nott chrisien charite
Wherfore my deare author it cannot be.

The Author.

O my treatous it is goddis indgement
So to recōpence their madde blasphemy
Seynge they burned his holy testament
Thoro we the prowde cardinals tyranny
Agaynst whose harde obsynacy to crye
The stones in the strete cannot be don.

Vt inueniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

The Treatous.

Yf I presume to make relacion

Of secret matters that be vncertayne

They will count it for diffamacion

O: thiges cōtryved of a frowarde brayne

To descrybe their faultes it is but vayne

Except I were in some authorite

Wherfore my deare author: it cannot be.

The Author.

As touchig that thou nede not to be deiecte

The trueth shalbe thy conservacion

Whyles thou presume no faultes to detecte

But wheare thou hast hadde certificaciō

By their knowledge and informacion

Whiche have forsaken the whore of rome

Vt inueniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

The Treatous.

Alas yett in their outragious furoure

They shal course ad bañe with cruel sētēce

All those whiche have to me eny favoure

Ether to my saynge geve credence

In hell and heven they have preeminēce

To do as they lyst with free liberte

Wherfore my deare author: it cannot be.

The Author.

O treatous lett antichrist crye and roare

Manassynge with fulminacions

His cruelte shalbe feared no moare
Men knowynge his abhominacions
Fye upon his forged execracions.

Seynge his tyranny is overcome
Vt inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

Fye on his dyvylishe interdiccions
With his keyes locke chaynes and fetters

Fye upon all his iurisdiccions
And apō those whiche to hym are detters

Fye upon his bulles breves and letters
Wherin he is named servus servorum

Vt inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

Fye on his golden thre folded crowne

Whiche he useth to weare apō his head

Fye upon his maieste and renowne

Clayminge on erthe to be in Christe stead

Fye on his carkes bothe quicke and dead

Ex hoc nūc et usque in seculum

Vt inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

Blissed they be whiche are cursed of the pope

And coursed are they whō he doth blisse

A coursed are all they that have eny hope

Ether in his personne or els in his.

For of almyghtry god a coursed he is

Per omnia secula seculorum

Ut inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

Here foloweth the lamentacion.

Alas alas for wo and bitter payne
Oppressed withe grefe and sorofull care
Howe shall we frō hevy wepyng refrayne
Consyderynge the case that we in are.
We have now lost the pryce of oure welfare
Seynge that gone is the masse
Nowe deceased alas alas.

Wo worth the tyme that ever we were born
To se the chaunce of this dolorours daye
For now ar we mocked ad laughed to scorn
Oure honour brought to extreme decaye
We maye well synge alas and well awaye
Seynge that gone is the masse
Nowe deceased alas alas.

Approche proud patriark^e with youre pope
Bissshops arsbysshops ad Cardinalls gaye
With all other prelat^e which had your hope
To be mayntayned by the masse all waye
Who shall finde oure belly ad ryche araye
Seynge that gone is the masse
Nowe deceased alas alas.

Drawe nere ye prest^e in youre lōge gown^e
With all the fryres of the beggerly ordres
Com hither mōk^e; with brode shavē crown^e

And all soche as are shored above the eares/
Helpe me to lamer with dolourous teares
Seynge that gone is the masse
Nowe deceased alas alas.

The dolfull destruction of noble troye
Was never to man haulfe so lamentable
Nor yett the subuersion of Rome oure ioye
Vnder whō we were counted honorable.
O fortune fortune: thou arte vnfauorable
Seynge that gone is the masse
Nowe deceased alas alas.

Departed is nowe the masse ad clean gone
The chefe vpholder of oure liberte
Wherby our whores ad harlots everychone
Were mayntayned in ryche felicitye.
Full sore we shall repent this daye to se
Seynge that gone is the masse
Nowe deceased alas alas.

Our bauds ad brothels have lost ther fiding
Oure bastardes compelled to go astraye/
Oure wynnige mill hath lost her gryndige
Which we supposed never to decaye.
Alas therfore what shall we do or saye
Seynge that gone is the masse
Nowe deceased alas alas.

Oure gay velvet gowne furred with sables
Which werie wont to kepe vs from colde
The paulfreys ad hackeneis in oure stables

Nowe to make chevesaunce must besolde
A due foiked mitres and crosses of golde
Seynge that gone is the masse
Nowe deceased alas alas.

We shall nowe abate oure welthy tables
With delicate deyntryes so delicious
Oure mery iestes vnd plesaunt fables
Are nowe touned to matters dolorous
We must laye downe oure estate so pōpous
Seynge that gone is the masse
Nowe deceased alas alas.

Oure syngres shynige with precyous stōs
Sett in golden rynges of ryche valoure
Oure effeminate flesshe and tender bones
Shalbe cōstrayned to faule vnto labour
For why decayed is all oure honoure
Seynge that gone is the masse.
Nowe deceased alas alas.

Where as we vsed apōn mules to ryde
Nowe must we nedes prycke a fore a lone
Oure wantā daliaunce and bofstige pride
With wofull misery is over gone.
Oure glystrige golde is turned to a stone
Seynge that gone is the masse.
Nowe deceased alas alas.

We had oure seruātes in most courtly wyse
In greate multitude folowige oure tayle
With garded lyverey after the newe gyse

Whome we frely supported to iest ad rayle
How be it now eache frō wother shall sayle
Seynge that gone is the masse/

Nowe deceased/ alas alas.

Oure poure kynned we ytell vnderstode/
And of whatt vilnes oure pōpe did aryse.
We desdayned the estates of noble blode/
Nothyng afrayde oure betters to despyse.
Wherfor agaynst vs they will nowe surmyse
Seynge that gone is the masse/

Nowe deceased/ alas alas.

We were called lordes ad doctours reuerēte/
Royally raignynge in the sprenualte.
In every place wheare we were presente/
They vayed their bonet and bowed a kne.
But it begynneth nowe wother wyse to be.

Seynge that gone is the masse/

Nowe deceased/ alas alas.

We devoured the sustenaunce of the poore/
Wastyng the goodes of people temporall.
Wherwith we noysshed many a whore/
To satisfye oure pleasure beastiall.
And yett we were counted spretuall.

Under faveoure of the masse/

Nowe deceased/ alas alas.

Oure greate lordspippes ad dominacions/
With oure ryche iuelles and somptuous plate.
Oure places and large habitacions/

Adorned with hangyng^r ad beddes of state
From oure hondes shall nowe be seperate.
Seynge that gone is the masse

Nowe deceased / alas alas.

A due/oure ayde and supportacion/
Wherby fortune so merely did smyle.
Farwele comfoite and consolacion/

Thus soddenly chaunged with in a whyle.
Oure vayne confydence dyd vs sore begyle.

Seynge that gone is the masse/

Nowe deceased / alas alas.

By the masse we were exalted so hye/

That scarily eny mā we wolde once knowe.
We thought for to ascende vnto the skye/

Havyng our seate above the rayne bowe
But we are come downe agayne full lowe.

Seynge that gone is the masse/

Nowe deceased / alas alas.

The masse made vs lord^r ad kyng^r over all/
Farre and nere every where havynng power.

With honorable tytles they dyd vs call/
Dredynge to offende vs at eny houre.

Thē were we as fresch as the gardē floure.
Under favoure of the masse/

Nowe deceased / alas alas.

Amonge all the people we went a fore/

By pretence of oure fayned holynes.
They reputed vs for haulfe goddes ad more/

Thorowe the masses beneficialnes.
Whiche is nowe turned to oure hevines..
Seynge that gone is the masse/
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.
The masse was only oure singuler suffrage/
To delivre the people from their synne.
There was no prest in towne nor village/
But by the masse his lyvyng did wyne.
Whose superfluite shalbe full thynne.
Seynge that gone is the masse/
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.
O faythfull masse/so constant and true.
In heven and erth continually.
We nowe thy chyldren shal moorne and rue/
The chaunce of thy decaye so sodenly.
Constrayned we are all to wepe and crye.
Seynge that gone is the masse/
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.
By the masse we had hye authorite/ &
In heven and erth takynge oure pleasure.
Kynge and prynces for all their dignite/
To displease vs feared oute of measure.
Alas we have nowe lost oure chese treasure.
Seynge that gone is the masse/
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.
The masse made vs so stronge and stordy/
That agaynst hell gates we did prevayle.
Delyveringe soules oute of purgatory/

And sendynge theym to heven with out fayle
Who is he then that wolde nott bewayle.
Seynge that gone is the masse/
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.

Of all maner thynges the comodite/
By the massis healpe only did depende.
From sycknes and pestilent mortalite/
The socoure of the masse did vs defende.
All prosperite that oure lord did sende.
Was for: favoure of the masse
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.

The masse farre exceedeth mānis reason/
Of tymes of foule wether makynge fayre.
It causeth frute for: to rype in season/
Puttyng away infeccions of the ayre.
Greate estates frendshipp stably to repayre.
Have confirmation by the masse
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.

The masse in due tyme procureth rayne/
Wherby floures and erbes freshly do sprynge.
And masse maketh it for: to seace agayne/
When it so aboundeth to their hyndrynge.
All maner matrymony and maryinge.
Is solemnysed by the masse/
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.

To soudears and men goynge a warre fare/
The masse is ever a sure proteccion.
It preserveth people from wofull care/

Drypyng awaye all affliction.
Alas who can shewe by description.
All the proffett^r of the masse/
Nowe deceased alas alas.
O wofull chaunce: most infortunate/
So sodenly makynge comutation.
Never sence the worlde was fyrst create/
Was there a thyng of soche reputacion.
For in every londe and nacion.
All goodnes cam by the masse/
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.
Whatt awayleth nowe to have a shavē hedde/
Or to be aparelled with a longe gowne.
Oure anoynted hondes do vs lytle stedde/
Wher as the masse is thus plucked downe
Unto oure dishonowre all doeth rebowne.
Seynge that gone is the masse/
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.
The gooddes of the churche are takē awaye/
Given to povre folkes soffrynge indigence.
The devyne servyce vtterly doeth decaye/
With halowed oyle/salt/and frankynsence.
To holy water they have no reverence.
Seynge that gone is the masse/
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.
All people because the masse is departed/
Sekeith nowe/ Ceremonies to confounde.
The aultres of the lorde are subuerted/

With ymages which cost many a pounce,
 The temples also are throwē to the ground
 Seynge that gone is the masse/
 Nowe deceased/alas alas.
 Wherfore nowe of my lamentacion
 To make an ende with oute delaye.
 Fare wele O holy consecracion/
 With blyssed sanctus and agnus dei.
 No lenger nowe with you we can praye.
 Seynge that gone is the masse/
 Nowe deceased/alas alas.
 A due/gentle dominus vobiscum/
 With comfortable/ite missa est.
 Requiem eternam/is nowe vndon/
 By whom we had many a fest.
 Requiescat in pace and gode rest.
 Seynge that gone is the masse/
 Nowe deceased/alas alas.

I Here foloweth a breste Dialogue betwene
 two prestes seruaunt^r / named
 Watfyn. and Jeffraye.

Watfyn



Jeffraye/hardest thou oure master/
 Thus with lamentable maner/
 Most pitously complayne?

Jeffraye

I Herde it catha? yee be threode/
 I praye god turue it vnto gode/

That it be nott to oure payne.
 But is it of a very surety/
 As it is spoken in the country/
 That the holy masse is deade.
¶ Sead: yee Jeffraye by my hande/
 And that thou myght well vnderstande/
 Hadde thou eny witt in thy heade.
 For the sorowfull constraynte/
 Of oure masters complaynte/
 Allonely for hys deceace was.
 Wherfor lett vs oure counsell take/
 What shyste for vs is best to make/
 Seynge that deceaced is the masse.
¶ Mary watkyne thou sayest very trothe/
 We shall have but a colde brothe/
 I feare me shortly after this.
 But I praye the tell me nowe playne/
 Was he by eny myschaunce slayne/
 Or was it for age that he deade is.
¶ Naye/it was not surly for age/
 For he was of lusty courage/
 Though he had very many yeres.
 Also he had continued still/
 Yf prestes myght haue had their will/
 With the helpe of monkes and fryres.
 Butt he was assauted so sore/
 That he coulde resist no more/
 And was fayne to geue ouer.

Watt.

Jef.

Wat.

Then cam his aduersaries with myght/
And slewe hym oute of honde quyght/
As though he had bene a faulce rover.

Jef. ¶ With what wepen did they hym fyll/
Whether with polaxe o: with bill?
A goode felowshippe lightly tell.

Wat. ¶ Aye: with a sharpe two edged sworde/
Which as they saye was goddis worde/
Drawne oute of the holy gospel.

Jef. ¶ And is goddis worde of soche myght/
That it slewe the masse downe right/
Of so auncient continuance?
My thynketh it shu'de not be true/
Seynge that prestes wolde hym rescue/
With worldly ryches and substaunce.
Monkes/channons/all shaven crownes/
Wolde have brought their villag^r ad tounes/
With their whole religious rable.
Which vnder antichristis raygne/
Are of sectes variable and vayne/
For to be reckened in numerable.
Oure master also I dare saye/
With many wother prestes gaye/
Whom I knowe very well.
Wolde have spent all their goode.
Yee verely their owne hert bloude/
To helpe masse agaynst the gospel.

Wat. ¶ Tosse man they did all their best/

Not sparynge to opyn their chest/
Gevyng out brybes liberally.
Wherby they had gret confidence/
For to have done moche assistance/
In ayde of the masse certaynly.
But it provayled them nothyng/
For goddis worde hath soche workyng/
That none maye resist contrary.

¶ Well/yet take it for no sco:ne/
Tell the wheare as I was bo:ne/
They resist the gospell openly.
And the principall doars be suche/
As nowe a dayes governe the churche/
No smale soles I promes the.
And namly one that is the chese/
Whiche is not fedd/so ofte with rost bese/
As with rawe motten so god helpe me.
Whose mule yf it shulde be solde/
So gayly trapped with velvet and golde/
And geven to vs for oure schare.
I durst ensure the one thyng/
As for a competent lyvyng/
This seven yere we shulde not care.

¶ Yf he be soche what is his name/
Or of what regarde is his fame?
I beseeche the shortly expresse.

¶ Mary/some men call hym Carnall/
And some saye he is the devill and all/

Jef.

Wat.

Jef.

Patriarcke of all wickednes.

Wat. ¶ Well/to be brefe with outen glose/
And not to swarve from oure purpose/
Take gode hede what I shall saye.
The tyme will come or it be longe/
When thou shalt se their statly thronge/
With miserable ruyne decaye.
Note wele the ensample of Rome/
To what misery it is come/
Which was their hedde principall.
Goddis worde the grownde of vertue/
They went aboute for to subdue/
Werby they have gotten a faule.

Jes. ¶ Beleve me/ thou speakest reason/
I trowe we shall se a season/
To the confusion of theym all.
But nowe to oure mater agayne/
I wolde heare mervelously fayne/
In what place the masse deceased.

Wat. ¶ In Strasbrugh/that noble towne/
A Cytte of most famous renowne/
Where the gospell is frely preached.

Jes. ¶ And what dost thou their names call/
Which were counted in especiall/
The aduersaries of the masse?

Wat. ¶ Truly there were clarkes many one/
And gretly learned every chone/
Whose names my memory do passe.

Howe be it/Hedius/Burger.and Capito/ .

Celarius/Symphorian/and wother mo/

In dede were reputed the chese.

Whose luyng is so inculpable/

That their enemies with oute fable/

In theym coude fynde no represe.

¶ What did then the temporalte/

Wolde they all there vnto agre/

With outen eny diffencion?

¶ As for the cōmens vniuersally/

And a greate parte of the senatory/

Were of the same intencion.

Though a feawe were on the wother syde/

But they were lyghtly sattysfied/

Whē they could nott goddis worde denaye

¶ I perceaue then manifestly/

The bisshoppe with his whole clargy/

Were absent and a waye.

¶ They were not absent I the ensure/

fo: with the masse they dyd endure/

Whyls to speake they had eny breth.

In somoche that fo: all this/

The bisshoppe ceaseth not with his/

To revenge the masses death.

He spareth nott to course and banne/

Doynge all that ever he canne/

To reuoke masse vnto lyfe agayne.

He spendeth many a gulden/

Jes.

Watt.

Jes.

Wat.

To hange/mother/and bren/
The masses aduersaries certayne.

Jef. And getteth he any goode therby?

Wat. But littell yet I the certesfy/
And I trowe lesse he shall have.
Nowe for all his hye magnificence/
They counte hym sayynge reuerence/
Not moche better than a knaue.

Jef. Peace whorson /beware of that/
I tell the his skynne is consecrat/
Anoynted with holy oyntmente.

Wat. Yee/so many a knaues skynne/
Is gresyd with out and with in/
And yett they are not excellent

Jef. Cokes bones/this is rancke heresy/
Yf it were knwone:by and by/
Thou shuldest a faggote beare.
To speake so of soche a prelate/
Whiles they are all of the same rate/
For the more parte euery wheare.
But to the purpose that we beganne/
What did monkes and fryeres thanne/
When masse went thus to wracke?

Wat. So vttered was their abusione/
That with great confusione/
They were fayne to stande abacke.

Jef. Och: I knowe a fryer in a place/
Whom they call father Matthias/

Yf he had bene at this brayde:
 He wolde have made soche a noyse/
 With his horrible shrill voyce/
 Able to have made theym as frayde.
 ¶ Tosshe/there were fyres two or thre/
 In fayth as grett panchd as he/
 With bellies more then a barell.
 Which for all their learned strengthe/
 Were so confounded there at lengthe/
 That they gave over their quarell.
 ¶ What made Jhon Faber and Emser/
 With their ayders Eckys and Moirer/
 Did they vnto masse no socoure?
 ¶ Yes truly/with wordes of greate bofte/
 They spared nott to sende their oste/
 Threatnyng with fearfull terroure.
 Howe be it they had soche impediment/
 That they coude nott be there present/
 As thou shalt the case vnderstonde.
 Emser somtyme a regular chanon/
 To defende the massis cannon/
 Longe before had taken in honde.
 Which craftely to vpholde with lyes/
 So greuously troubled his eyes/
 And also encombred his brayne.
 That there was no remedy/
 But he was fayne certenly/
 At home/a fole to remayne.

Wat.

Jef.

Wat.

flatteryng faber/full of disdayne/
Was newe admitted to be chaplayne/
Vnto duke Ferdinand by othe.
Wherfore he had ynough of busynes/
To dissuade the dukes noblenes/
From favourynge the godly trothe.
As for Morner/the blynde lawear/
And Eekius/the frowarde sophistar/
They have afore castynge wysdome.
That in soche honorable audience/
Wheare as wyse clarkes are in presence/
They will nott very gladly come.

Jef. ¶ Medled nott Erasmus/in this matter
Which so craftely can flatter/
With clofed dissimulacion:

Wat. ¶ He was busy to make will fre/
A thyng nott possible to be/
After wyse clarkis estimacion.
Wherfore he intermitted lytle/
As concernynge the massis tytyle/
With eny maner assercion.
He feareth greatly some men saye/
Yf masse shulde vtterly decaye/
Least he shulde lose his pension.
Notwithstondynge he hath in his hedde/
Soche an opinion of the god of bredde/
That he wolde lever dye a martyr.
Then ever he wolde be of this consent/

That Christ is not theare corporally present/
In bredde wyne and water.

Also he hath given soche a landacion/
Vnto the ydols of abhominacion/

In his glosynge pistles before tyme.
That yf he shulde wother wyse reclame/
Men wolde impute vnto his blame
Of vnstable inconstancy the cryme.

I Howe did they then with lowayne/
And with the vniuersite of Colayne/

Jef.

Made they right noght for massis parte?

I Yea surly with terrible vociferacion/
They made wonderfull exclamacion/
The worde of god to subverte.

Wat.

They sent thether Thomas and Scote/
With wother questionistes god wote.

Full of crafynge wordes inopinable.

But when it cam to the effecte/

They were so abasshed and deiecte/

That once to hisse they were nott able.

I It was a thyng playnly acoost/

Jef.

That masse went thus by the woist/

Havyng so many on his wyng.

I Goddis worde is so efficacious/

Wat.

And of strengthe so mervelous/

That agaynst it is no resistynge.

Jef.

I Neverthelesse amonge this araye/

Was nott theare one called Coclaye/

A littell pratyfe foolysse poade?
But all though his stature be small.
Yet men saye he lacketh no gall/
More venemous than any toade.
No/fo: he hadde a nother occupacyon/

Wat. ¶ Wrytinge to the englysshe nacyon/
Inuencyones of flatterye.

Jef. ¶ To Englonde: in goode tyme/
I trowe the vichyn will clyme/
To some promocion hastely.

Wat. ¶ Or els truly it shal cost hym a fall/
For he is in fauoure with theym all/
Which haue the gospell in hate.
Continuallly he doth wryte/
Euer laborynge daye and nyght/
To vpholde antichristes estate.
Of papistes he is the defender/
And of Luther the condemner/
The gospell vtterly despysynge.
To forge lyes he hath no shame/
So that they somewhat frame/
With the processe of his writynge.
He wrote of late to German Ryncke/
Wastynge in vayne paper and ynce/
Domeranes epystle to corrupte.
Which by christen men requyred/
Accordynge as he was desyred/
Syd his parte theym to instructe.

No thyng ther in was reprobable/
But all to gedder true and veritable/
With out heresy or eny faulte.

Howe be it this wretch vnshamfast/
Tho:owe malicie was nott a gast/
The trueth with lyes to assaulte.

If he be as thou sayst he is/
I warant he shall not mis/
Of a benefice and that shortly.

Jef.

For I ensure the oure Cardinall/
With wother bisschops in generall/
Love soche a felowe entierly

But lett this nowe passe and go to/
What is best for oure proffit to do/
Seynge masse hath made his ende:

Surely as farie as I can gesse/
We are lyke to be masterlesse/
Yerie it be longe so god me mende.

Wat.

For as sone as the masse is buried/
Oure master shall be beggered/
Of all his ryche possession

Then mate I put the out of doute/
It is goode that we loke aboute/
Least we solse a newe lesson.

Jef.

Howe be it/howe longe will it be/
Or ever that we shall se/
Of this dedde masse the buriall:

As touchyng that in very dede/

Wat. ¶ They are nott yett fully agrede/
 But I suppose shortly they shall/
 Some wolde have hym caried to Rome/
 For be cause of all Christendome/
 It is the principall Ce.
 And some wolde have hym to Fraunce/
 Because of the noble mayntenaunce/
 That he had of Parys univerversite.
 Some also perswade in goode earnest/
 That in Englonde it were best/
 His dedde comis richly to begraue
 Jef. ¶ Nowe after my folysshe coniecture/
 They coulde nott so: his sepulture/
 Devyse/a better place to have.
 Also theare is Sayncte Thomas schryne/
 Of precious stones and golde fyne/
 Wherin the masse they maye laye.
 Wherof the ryches incomprehensible/
 As it is spoken by persones credible/
 Myght an Emperours raunsome paye.
 Moreover theare is the Cardinall/
 Of whose pompe to make rehearceall/
 It passeth my capacite.
 With stately bissoppes a greate sorte/
 Which kepe a mervelous porte/
 Concernynge worldely royalte.
 Priestes also that are secular/
 With monkes and chanons regulier.

Abownde so in possession.

That both in welfare and weede/
With oute doute they farre excede/
The nobles of the region.

¶ Yf it be thus as thou dost declare/
It is best that masse be buried theare/
With due honorable reverence.

Wat.

¶ Ye but they have a frowarde witt/
And par case they will nott admitt/
But vtterly make resistance?

Jef.

¶ Holde thy peace and be content/
The gospell by a cōmaundment/
To do it will strayghtly theym compell.

Wat.

¶ They sett nott by the gospell a flye/
Diddest thou not heare whatt villany/
Thy did vnto the gospell?

Jef.

¶ Why/did they agaynst hym conspyre?

Wat.

¶ By my trothe they sett hym a fyre/
Openly in London cite.

Jef.

¶ Who caused it so to be done?

Wat.

¶ In sothe the Bisschoppe of London/
With the Cardinall^s autho:ite.

Jef.

Which at Paulis crosse earnestly/
Denounced it to be heresy/

That the gospell shuld come to lyght.
Callynge theym heretikes execrable/
Whiche caused the gospell venerable/
To come vnto laye mens syght.

He declared there in his furiousnes/
That he founde erroures more and les/
Above thre thousande in the translacon.
Howe be it when all cam to pas/
I dare saye vnable he was/
Of one erreure to make probacion.
Alas he sayde/masters and frendes/
Consyder well nowe in youre myndes/
These heretik^r diligently.
They saye that comen women/
Shall assone come vnto heven/
As those that lyve perfectly.

Wat. ¶ And was that their very sayinge?
Jef. ¶ After this wyse with onte saynynges/
In a certayne prologe they wryte.

That a whoare or an open synner/
By meanes of Christ oure redemer/
Whome god to repent doth incyte.

Shall soner come to saluacion/
By merit^r of Christis passion/
Then an ouwtarde holy lyver.

Wat. ¶ They did there none wother thinge shewe/
Then is rehearced in mathewe/
In the one and twenty chapter.

Jef. ¶ For all that/he sayde in his sermone/
Rather then the gospell shulde be comone/
Bryngyng people into erreure
He wolde gladly soffre marterdome/

To vpholde the devyls fredome/
Of whom he is a confessor.

¶ Why/makest thou hym a saynt?

Watt.

¶ Even soche a one as paynters do paynt/

Jes.

On walles and bordes artificially.

Which with myters/crosses/and copes/

Apere lyke gaye bisschops and popes/

In strawnge fassion outwardly.

But they are ydols in effecte/

Namett^r of antichristis secte/

To blynde folke deceatfully.

¶ I perceave well nowe that/honores/

Wat.

As it is spoken/mutant mores/

With soche men most comenly.

But thynkest thou in thy mynde/

That he coude in his herte synde/

In soche a case death to souffer/

¶ Maye/yt was a worde of office/

Jes.

I warante he is nott so folyshe/

To putt his boddy so in daunger.

Neverthelesse with tonge and porisse/

All though he shulde fare the worisse/

Gladly he will do his dever.

To plucke the worde of god downe

And to exalte the thre folde crowne

Of antichrist hys bever.

Also there is a charge vnder payne/

That no man eny thyng retyayne/

Of the gospel newly translate.
For yf they p:esume the contrary/
They lose their goodes with oute mercy/
And their boddies to be incarcerate,
Moreover that no clark be so bolde/
P:evy o: pearte/with hym to holde/
P:eachynge ought in his favoure.
But contrary their braynes to sett/
Bothe in scoles and in the pulpett/
Hym and all his to dishonoure.
Wherfore it boreth the gospel nothyng
As concernynge the massis buryinge/
To sende eny p:cepte thether.
For they had lever by this daye/
Go vnto the devill strayght waye/
Then to obeye hym in eny maner.

Wat. ¶ This passeth of all that ever I hearde/
I wonder they were nott a fearde/
Of so notable blasphemy.
Nott with stondynge their interrupcion/
Shall tourne to their destruccion/
At longe runnyng synally.
For though they caused to be bient/
The outwarde shaddowe o: garment/
Of goddis worde so hye of pryce.
Yett the grownde of his maiesty/
Printed in chursten hertes scerety/
They are nott able to p:iudyce.

Therefore whyther they will or nill/
Yf it be the holy gospels will/
Maske in Englonde to bury.

Lett theym crafte vntill they burst/
Doyng their best and their wurst/
Jett awayleth nott a chery.

They are worldly and carnall/
And the gosspeil is spietuall/
Assisted with angels presence.

I Yf it come vnto that reckenyng/
They will mo angels with theym bryng/
Then shalbe in the gospels assistance.

I Have they of angels eny garnyson?

I Ye god knoweth many a legion/
Att all tymes theym to socoure.

I Howe do they these angels gett?

I By my fayth of poure mens swett/
Which for theym soredo laboure.

I A ha/ I wott well what thou meane/
Soche angels are nott worthe a beane/
Yf it come to the poynt once.

But nowe wolde I heare the expresse/
The maner of their holynesse/
Briefly declared at tonce.

I Mary that is done forthe with all/
For they have no holynes attall/
As farre as I sawe yett ever.

Howe be it shortly to discourse/

Jef.

Wat.

Jef.

Wat.

Jef.

Wat.

Jef.

Their proude estate so glorious/
I shall here my selfe endever.

Fyrst as I sayde there is a Cardinall/
Which is the Ruler principall/
Through the realme in every parte.

Wat.

Jeff.

¶ Have they not in Englonde a Kyng?

¶ Alas manie/speake not of that thyng/
For it goeth to my verie harte.

And I shall shewe the a cause whye/
There is no Prynce vnder the sye/
That to compare with hym is able.

A goodly persone he is of stature/
Endued with all gyftes of nature/
And of genttylnes incomparable.

In sondrye sciences he is sene/
Havyng a ladye to his Owene/
Example of womanlye behaveoure.

Notwithstandyng for all this/
By the Cardinall ruled he is/
To the distayninge of his honoure.

Wat. ¶ Doeth he folowe the Cardinales intente?

Jef. ¶ Yee/ and that the cōmones repente/
With many a wepyng teare.

Wat. ¶ The Cardinall vereth theym than?

Jef. ¶ Alas sens Englande fyrst began/
Was never soche a tyrante theare.

By his pryde and faulce treachery/
Whoardom and baudy leachery/

He hath bene so intollerable.
That poure comens with their wyues/
In maner are weary of their lynes/
To se the londe so miserable.
Through all the londe he caused perjury/
And afterwarde toke awaye their money/
Procedynge most tyrannously.
The poure people nedy and bare/
His cruell herte wolde nott spare/
Leauynge theym in greate misery.
Insomuche that for lacke of fode/
Creatures bought with Christis blode.
Were fayne to dye in perous cas
Also a ryght noble Prince of fame/
Henry the duche of buckyngame/
He caused to deye alas alas.
The gondes that he thus gaddered/
Wretchedly he hath scattered/
In causes nothyng expedient.
To make wyndowes/walles/and dores/
And to mayntayne baudes and whores/
A grett parte therof is spent.
¶ Lett all this pas I praye the hertely/
And shewe me somewhat seriously/
Of his spretuall magnificence.
¶ Fyrst he hath a tytle of. S. Cecile/
And is a Legate of latere/
A dignite of hie premynence.

Wat.

Jes.

He hath bishopyckes two or thre/
With the popes full authorite/
In cases of dispensacion.

Wat. ¶ He maye then with the masse dispence/
Yf he be faulen in the sentence/
Of the grett excomunicacion?

Jef. ¶ That he maye in all maner cases/
Howe be it he geueth nothyng grates.
But selleth all for reddy mony.

Excepte courses and blessinges
With syght of his golden rynges
All this he geueth frely.

Wat. ¶ Hath he so large faculte/
Of the popis benygnyte/
As it is spoken abroade?

Jef. ¶ He stondeth in the popes roume/
Hauyng of his bulles a grett some/
I trowe an whoale carte loade.

Wherwith mens poises to discharge/
He extendeth his power more large/
Then the power of almyghty god.

For whether it be goode or ill/
His pervers mynde he will fulfill/
His pervers mynde he will fulfill/
Supplantynge the trueth by fals god.

To gett hym a synguler name/
The londe he bryngeth out of frame/
Agaynst all goddis forbod.

He tourneth all thyng topsy terry/
He tourneth all thyng topsy terry/

Nott sparynge for eny symony/
To sell spreuall gyftes.

In grauntes of consanguinite/
To mary with in neare degre/

He getteth awaye mens thrystes.

Of secular folke he can make regular/

And agayne of regular secular/

Makyng as he lyst blacke of whyte.

Open whordom and adrountry/

He aloweth to be matrimony/

Though it be never so vnryght.

Lawfull wedlocke to diuorce/

He geueth very lytle force/

Knowynge no cause wherfore.

He playeth the devill and his dame/

All people reportynge the same/

Course the tyme that ever he was bore.

¶ It cannot syncke in my mynde/

That the Cardinall is so blynde/

To make eny soche diuorcement.

¶ Though it be nott in thy belefe/

I tell the to putt it in prese/

He doth all that he can invent.

¶ Bitwixte whom dost thou wene?

¶ Bitwixte the Kyng and the Quene/

Which have bene longe of one assent.

¶ Some cause then he hath espyed/

Which asender theym to denyde/

Wat.

Jef.

Wat.

Jef.

Wat.

Is necessary and vrgent.

Jef. **T** Mothyng but the butcher doth sayne/
That the goode lady is barayne/
Lyfe to be past chylde bearynge.

Wat. **T** Had the kynge never chylde by her?

Jef. **T** No man sawe ever goodlyer/
Then those which she forth did brynge.

Wat. **T** Is there eny of theym a lyver?

Jef. **T** Ye a Princes/whom to descryve/
It were herde so an oratoure.

She is but a chylde of age/
And yett is she bothe wyse and sage/
Of very beautifull favoure.

Perfectly she doth represent/
The singuler graces excellent/
Bothe of father and mother.

Howe be it all this nott regardynge/
They carter of orke is meddelynge/
For to diuorce theym a sonder.

Watt. **T** Are nott the nobles here with offended?

Wat. **T** Yes/but it can not be amended/
As longe as he is the ruler.

Wat. **I** thynke the Quene is nott faultry/
But hath done ynough of her party/
Yf it had pleased goddis benificence.

Jef. **T** None is faultry but the butcher/
Whom almyghtry god doth suffer/
To scourge the peoples offence.

Unto god he is so odious/
That nothyng can be prosperous/
Where as he hath governaunce.
Sens that he cam fyrst forward/
All thynges have gone backward/
With moche myschese and mischaunce.
No yerly purpose he doeth intende/
That ever cometh to a goode ende/
But damage and tribulacion.
¶ In these parties it is verified/
That he hath a college edified/
Of mervelous foundation.
¶ Of preuy houses of baudry/
He hath made a stues openly/
Endued with large exibicion.
¶ Lycknest thou to whoarmongers/
A colage of clarkes and scolears/
Ensuyng learned erudicion.
¶ Thou mayst perceave/ by reason/
That vertue shalbe very geason/
Amonge a sorte of ydle losels.
Which have ryches infinite/
In welth and woildly delyte/
Given to pleasure and nothyng eles.
¶ They rede there both greke and ebrue/
¶ I will not saye but it is true/
That there be men of grett science.
Howe be it where pryde is the begynnyng.

Wat.

Jef.

Wat.

Jef.

Wat.

Jef.

The devill is comenly the endynge/
As we se by experience.

And yf thou consyder well /
Even as the towre of Babell/
Began of a presompcion.

So this colledge I dare vndertake/
Which the Cardinall doth make/
Shall confunde the region.

What is it to se dogges and cattes/
Gargell heddes and Cardinall hattes/
Paynted on walles with moche cost.

Which ought of dute to be spent/
Apon povre people indigent/
For lacke of fode vtterly lost.

Wat. ¶ Hath he for soche folke no providence?

Jes. ¶ No / sayynge only to rid them hence/
A proper waye he ymageneth.

Wat. ¶ After what maner porviaunce?

Jes. ¶ Truely least they shulde be cobraunce/
A warfare he theym sendeth.

Wat. ¶ Many of theym then are slayne?

Jes. ¶ They never come home haulse agayne/
I maye tell the in goode plyght.

For some be taken presoners/
And some are dedde of the fevers/
Many of theym losynge their syght.

Of twenty thousande syghtrynge men/
Scant returneth home agayne ten/

In gonde state and perfect lyfynge.
for the more parte made beggers/
And so become robbers and stellers/

Wherby they have a skroade endynge.

¶ He fareth nott the better for warie/

Wat.

¶ Yes mary/it doth hym prefarie/

Jef.

To more gaynes then I can rehearce.

for fyrst o: the warie do begynne/

They labour his favoure to wynne/

Gevynge gyftes many and dyvers.

And yf it cannot be so pacified/

They brybe hym on the wother syde/

At the least for to be favoured.

And synally warie for to ceace/

With rewardes they must hym greace/

Or els peace cannot be performed.

¶ Sothe he practyse soche conveyaunce?

Wat.

¶ Ye/and for that cause in fraunce/

Jef.

This warie tyme he was beloved.

¶ Thou makest hym then a trayter?

Wat.

¶ I reckon hym a falce sayterer/

Jef.

Yf the very trueth were proved.

¶ Well lett this pas/howe dothe he/

Wat.

In gevyng grauntes of liberte/

And cases that be dispensable?

¶ He foloweth the comen practyse/

Jef.

Of marchantes in their marchandise/

To gett worldly goodes movable.

Savynge they take grett labourres/
And he doth all by his factoures/
Bestynge in quyet felicite.

He hath salce farises and scribes/
Gapynge for nothyng but for brybes/
Full of fraudes and perversite.

Wat. ¶ They are named yett wother wyse/

Jef. ¶ Trothe but they folowe their gyse/
In wicked operations.

Wat. ¶ I put a case nowe they be leawde/
As I thyncke they are all be shrewde/
In their administracions/
Shall they to hell for the Cardinal/
O: els thynkest thou that he shall/
Go thether in his owne person?

Jef. ¶ Though he have here soche prerogative/
In all poyntes that be dispensative/
To performe it by cōmyssion.

Yett in this poynt sekerly/
He must performe it personally/
Withoute eny exemption.

Wat. ¶ Yf he be as thou hast here sayde/
I wene the devils will be a frayde/
To have hym as a companion.

For what with his execracions/
And with his terrible fulminacions/
He wolde handle theym so.
That for very drede and feare/

All the devils that be theare/

Wilbe glad to let hym go.

¶ As for that thou mayst be assured/

The devils with cousses are invred/

As authours there of with out fayle.

¶ What yf he will the devils blisse?

¶ They regarde it no more be gisse/

Then waggyng of his mules tayle.

¶ Soth he vse then on mules to ryde?

¶ Ye and that with so shamfull pryde/

That to tell it is not possible.

More lyfe a god celestia/

Then eny creature mortall/

With worldly pompe incredible.

Before hym rydeth two prestes stronge/

And they beare two crosses right longe/

Gapyng in every mans face.

After theym folowe two laye men secular/

And each of theym holdyng a pillar/

In their hondes/steade of a mace.

Then foloweth my lorde on his mule/

Trapped with golde vnder her cule/

In every poynt most curiously.

On each syde a pollaxe is borne/

Which in none wother vse are worne.

Pretendyng some hid mistery.

Then hath he servaunt^r fyve or six score/

Some behynde and some before/

Jef.

Wat.

Jef.

Wat.

Jef.

A marvelous great company.
Of which/are lordes and gentlemen/
With many gromes and yemen/
And also knaves amonge.
Thus dayly he procedeth forth/
And men must take it at worthe/
Whether he do right or wronge.
A grett carle he is and a fatt/
Wearynge on his hed a red hatt/
Procured with angels subsidy.
And as they say in tyme of rayne/
Fower of his gentelmen are fayne/
To holde over it a cannopy.
Besyde this to tell the more newes/
He hath a payre of costly shewes/
Which sildom touche eny grownde.
They are so goodly and curious/
All of golde and stones precious.
Costyng many a theusande pownde.

Wat. ¶ And who did so: thes shewes paye?

Jef. ¶ Truly many a ryche abbaye/
To be eased of his visitacion.

Wat. ¶ Soth he in his owne persone visit?

Jef. ¶ No/another for hym doth it/
That can styll of the occupacion.

A felowe nether wyse nor sadde/
But he was never yett full madde/
Though he be frantye and more.

Doctor: Allyn he is named/

One that to lye is not affhamed/

Yf he spye avauntage therfore.

¶ Are soche with hym in eny pryce?

Wat.

¶ Ye/for they do all his advyce/

Jef.

Whether it be wronge or right.

¶ Hath the Cardinall eny gay mansion?

Wat.

¶ G:ett palaces with out compareson/

Jef.

Most glorious of ourwarde sight.

And with in decked poynt device/

More lyfe vnto a paradise/

Then an erthely habitacion.

¶ He cometh then of some noble stocke?

Wat.

¶ His father coulde snatche a bullock/

Jef.

A butcher by his occupacion.

¶ Howe cam he vnto this glory?

Wat.

¶ Playnly by the devils policy/

Jef.

As it is every wheare sayde.

¶ Are the states here with all content.

Wat.

¶ Yf they speake aught they are shent/

Jef.

Wherfore I tell the they are a frayde.

¶ Whatt abstinence vseth he to take?

Wat.

¶ In Lent all fyssh he doth for sake/

Jef.

fedde with partriges and plovers.

¶ He leadeth then a Lutherans lyfe?

Wat.

¶ O naye/for he hath no wyse/

Jef.

But whoares that be his lovers.

¶ Yf he vse whoares to occupy/

Wat.

a ij

d ij

It is grett marvell certaynly/
That he escapeth the frenche pockes.

Jef. ¶ He had the pockes with out fayle/
Wherfore people on hym did rayle/
With many obprobrious mockes.

Wat. ¶ He was then abhorred of his princes

Jef. ¶ By my troth man/not an ynche/
Still in favoure continually.

Wat. ¶ By the devill then he worketh?

Jef. ¶ Truly so every man iudgeth.
But alas what remedy?

Wat. ¶ Hath he children by his whoares also?

Jef. ¶ Ye and that full proudly they go/
Namly one whom I do knowe.
Which hath of the churches goodes clerly/
More then two thousand pownde yerly/
And yett is not content I trowe.

His name is master Winter/
For whom my lorde his father/
Hathe gotten of the frenche kynges grace.
That when the bissshop of Rone/
Out of this lyfe is dedde and gone/
He shall succede hym in his place.

Wat. ¶ And is his father as redy/
To promoute the noble progeny/

As he is towarde his bastardes?

Jef. ¶ He favoureth lytell noble lynage/
Takyng a waye their heritage/

Rather then to sett theym forwardes.

He breaketh mens testamentes/

And contrary to their intentes/

At his owne mynde and pleasure.

He wilbe nedes their exsecutours/

Sayinge with the devill all his oures/

Rychely to encrease his treasoure.

Many a gonde ladys ioynter/

He engrosseth vp into his cofer/

Of the which some here to name.

I reckon the Countes of Darby/

With the Countes of Salisbury/

Also the Duches of Buckynghame.

¶ Is the devil soche an whorsone?

Wat.

¶ Och/there is nether duke ne barone/

Jef.

Be they never of so grett power.

But they are constrayned to crouche/

Before this butcherly sloutche/

As it were vnto an Emproure.

¶ Nowe surly then after my mynde/

Wat.

They cannot soche another synde/

The dedde massis office to solempnise.

¶ Yf it be his pleasure he maye/

Jef.

Howe be it he vseth lytell to praye/

For it is late or he do aryse.

Also as farre as I canne muse/

To do this office he will refnse/

Dredynge his pompe therby to lose.

Wat. ¶ As for that/it shall nothyng styll/
Playnly yf it be the gospels will/
So it be must and cannot chose.

Jef. ¶ Yett it wilbe a parelous busines/
For biffhops and prestes dourles/
To ayde hym will nott be slacke.
Though they loue hym as the devill/
Yett to do the gospel some evill/
No diligence in theym shall lacke.

Wat. ¶ Have the biffhops so grett ryches?

Jef. ¶ It is nott possible to expres/
The treasure of the spietualite.

Wat. ¶ What/are the biffhops divines?

Jef. ¶ Ye they can wele styll of wyne/
Better then of devinite.

Lawears they are of experience/
And in cases agaynst conscience/
They are parfet by practyse.

To forge excommunicacions/
For tythes and decimacions/
Is their continuall exercyse.

As for preachynge they take no care/
They wolde se a course at an hare/
Rather then to make a sermon.

To folowe the chace of wylde dere/
Passynge the tyme with ioly chere/
Amonge theym all is comon.

To playe at the cardes and dyce/

Some of theym are nothyng nyce/
Both at hasard and momchaunce.
They dryncke in gaye golden bolles/
The bloudd of poure simple soules/
Perissyng for lacke of sustenaunce.
Their hongery cures they never teache/
Nor will soffre none wother to preache/
But soche as can lye and flatter.
Biddynge the beades after this rate/
Ye shall praye for the goode estate/
Of my lorde my master.
And so redynge a ragge mans roule/
He exhorteth to praye for the soule/
Of this persone and of that.
Which gave boke / bell / or challes/
To the fortheraunce of goddis serues/
Babblyng he wotteth neare what.
Soche preachers be comended/
And the wother are reprehended/
Which preache the gospel purly.
So they sitt upon coussens softe/
Their royalte exalted alofte/
They regarde nott goddis worde surly.
They are so geuen to avaryce/
That they ponder no preiudyce/
Happenynge to the comen weall.
They noyssh the seruautes in ydelnes/
Which when they are masterles/

Are constrained to begge or steale.
To tell all the abhominacion/
Of their wretched conuersacion/
It were bothe longe and tedious.

Wat. ¶ If the bisschops do so abownde/
Howe are secular prestes fownde/
With persons which be religious?

Jef. ¶ Thynkest that with theym it is scant/
Naye naye man/ I the warant/
They fele no indigent rearage.
For they have goodes innumerable/
And fare moche better at their table/
Then lordes of worthy parage.
Fortune with prestes runneth on wheles/
So that some have after their heles/
A scoare of yemen taule and stoute.
Whom forto mayntayne ydely/
They have benefyces very many/
In the country there aboute.
Wherby they are so proude and vayne/
That the noble men they disdayne/
With scornfull indignacion.
Though peraventure their fathers/
Were other sowters or cobblers/
Of no maner reputacion.
As for religious folke to be breste/
In all Englonde they have the chese/
And most plesant comoditees.

The goodly soyles/the goodly londes/
Wrongfully they holde in their bondes/
Endued with many knyghtes fees.
By coloure of their faulce prayres/
Defrauded are the ryght heyres/
From their true inheritaunce.
They are the cause of mysery/
Of whordom/theft/and beggery/
To the comen welles hynderaunce.
No frutfull worke they vse/
All honest labour they refuse/
Given wholly to sluggeffynes.
They are nether gostly nor divine/
But lyke to brut beastes and swyne/
Waltrynge in synfull wretchednes.
I speake this of the possessioners/
All though the mendicant orders/
Are nothyng lesse abhominable.
Whose lyvynge is with oute laude/
Nourished in rapyne and fraude/
Grounded on lesyng detestable.
They are the devils messengers/
And of antichrist the members/
Example of all perversite.
They are ydols of flattery/
And apostels of hypocrysy/
Replenished with enormite.
Lo/here I have thus reported/

Howe their lyfe is partly ordred/
And vnder what condicion.

Wat. ¶ That thou hast I make god a vowe/
Insomuche that I marvaile howe/
Thou knowest their disposicion.
But I praye the/dost thou iudge/
That they will murmer and grudge/
At the dedde massis buryinger?

Jes. ¶ Ye syr I wis man I am sure/
They will labour with busy cure/
His sepulture forbiddynge.
For why their superfluite/
By the massis liberalite/
Only hath supportacion.

Wat. ¶ What supposeth thou of men temporall?

Jes. ¶ I thynke they wolde holde here with all/
Yf they had due informacion.
Nevertheless at the begynnynge/
dede masse amonge theym to brynge/
There wilbe some difficulte.
Be cause of longe continuance/
They have had trust and affiaunce/
Tho:owe the masse saved to be.
For these prestes and fryres perswade/
That by the masse they shall evade/
Eternall payne and punnysshment.
Whose suffrage doeth theym gret stedde/
Proffutable bothe to quicke and dedde/

After their mynde and iudgement.

¶ Ye to prestes and fryers miserable/ **Wat.**

Soutles the masse is proffitable/

And is the mill of their welfare.

But to the people without saynyng/

It is playne a fraudfull deceavyng/

To make their porsse empty and bare.

¶ Nowe truly I trowe as thou dost saye/

Even there goeth the hare quyte awaye/ **Jef.**

And all their babellyng is but lyes.

All though there be wother obstacles/

Be cause of the grett myracles/

Dayly practysed before oure eyes.

¶ Thou never sawest myracle wrought? **Wat.**

¶ I/no be hym that me bought/ **Jef.**

But as the prestes make rehearceall.

¶ Canst thou rehears me nowe one? **Wat.**

¶ No I cannot/but oure syr Jhon **Jef.**

Can/in his Engblisse festivall.

¶ Geve they to soche fables credence? **Wat.**

¶ They have them in more reverence/ **Jef.**

Then the gospels a thousand folde.

Also ther is nether whoare nor thefe/

Nor eny of so wicked mischefe/

But by the masse is made bolde.

For yf they heare once a prestis masse/

They trust surly that daye to passe/

Without all parell or daungeoure.

Crafty soicerers and falce dyce players/
 Pickepoyses and prevy conveyers/
 By the masse hope to have socoure.
 Marchantes passynge viages on farre/
 And souldiars goynge forth to warre/
 By the masse are ofte preserved.
 Masse bryngeth synners to grace/
 And fendes awaye it doeth chace/
 Above all thynges preferred.
 Masse solemnisseth mariage/
 And kepeth people from damage/
 Causynge also wedder to be sayer.
 Masse maketh tame thynges of wyld/
 And helpeth wemen to be with chyld/
 Thoroowe assistance of the sayer.
 Masse awayleth agaynst sycknes/
 A proved remedy for all distres/
 And for thynges that be gone.
 Thus to conclude with breuite/
 Of the whole churches felicite/
 The masse is mayntener alone.
Wat. ¶ The nobles that be wyse and sage/
 I suppose with soche blynde dotage/
 They cannot so folisskly begyle.
Jef. ¶ Troth it is/some of theym begynne/
 To have lytell confidence there in/
 And lesse wolle with in a whyle.
 Which of the bissshops is perceaved/

Wherefore they have nowe restrayned/
Under the payne of courssynge.
That no laye man do rede o: lofe/
In eny frutfull englisse boke/
Wholy scripture concernynge.
Their frantye foly is so peysshē/
That they contempne in Englisse/
To have the newe Testament.
But as for tales of Robyn hode/
With wother iestes nether honest nor gode/
They have none impediment.
Their madde vnsavery teachynges/
And theyr fantasticall preachynges/
Amonge simple folke to promote.
For no cost they spare nor stynte/
Openly to put theym in prynte/
Treadinge scripture vnder their fote.
Also their decrees and decretall^r/
With folysshē dreames papisticall^r/
They compell people to rede.
Howe be it the confutation/
Of their abhominacion/
They will not soffre to procede.
¶ Kepe thou silence and be whyst/
Though with grett crakes they resist/
For a lytell season present.
Yett I warant within short space/
Masse will have there his veryinge place/

Accordynge as it is convenient.

Jef. ¶ So moche the worse for oure thyrste/
For then there is none wother skyrte/
A newe master we must vs gett.

Wat. ¶ All though masse be dedde and rotten/
A master maye lyghly be gotten/
Yf we oure mynde to labour sett.

Jef. ¶ Ye but prestes service is gaye/
For we maye with theim all waye/
In ydelnes have grett respyt.

Wat. ¶ That for a chursten man is nott best/
Borne vnto labour and not vnto rest/
As the foule is vnto flyght.
But nowe all this matter to spare/
Lett us oure masters dyner prepare/
For it is hye tyme verely.

Jef. ¶ A felyship lett vs go a pace/
For he will besbrowe oure face/
Yf he fynde not all thyng redy.

Wat. ¶ Hawe/I praye the yett abyde/
Sett thy busynes a whyle a syde/
And lett vs have fyrst a songe.

Jef. ¶ What woldest thou that I shulde synge?

Wat. ¶ Surly some proper conveyed thyng
Not over redious nor longe.

Jef. ¶ I trowe thou arte a syngynge man/
The devil of the whit that I can/
But I love specially soche geare.

Will thou have it mery or sadde?	Jef.
I scarce not be it goode or badde/ So that I maye some what heare/	Wat.
If thou wilt thy mynde satisfy/ Gett the into some monastery/ And be a monge theym in the queare.	Jef.
Do they vse soche ioly syngynges?	Wat.
It is the crafte of their lyvynges/ Wherby they make lusty cheare.	Jef.
But I vnderstonde nott what they saye/	Wat.
By my sothe no more do they/ I may shewe the in counsell.	Jef.
Shall I are the nowe a question?	Wat.
Ye hardely a goddis beneson/ And I will not spare the to tell.	Jef.
Ware thou never in religion?	Wat.
Yes so gdd helpe me and halydom/ A dosen yeres continually.	Jef.
Then thou knowest moche unhappines?	Wat.
A grett deale more then goodnes/ I promes the saythfully.	Jef.
Well lett vs differ this till sounes/ When oure masters diner is done/ We will a gayne come hydder.	Wat.
I am content even so to do/	Jef.
Fyrst syng a baleit/go to/ And then will we to diner.	Wat.
Alas I am marvelously drye/	Jef.

Wat. ¶ Thou shalt dyneke man by an by/
What nedeth the so to lynger?

Jef. ¶ Have at it in the best manner.

¶ In the ioyfull moneth of ioly June/
Walkynge all alone my care to solas.

I herde a voyce with a dolorous tune/
Full pitiously cryinge/ alas alas.

The worlde is worssse then evyr it was.

Never so depe in miserable decaye/

But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Fyrst to begynne at the spretualte/

Whose lyvynge shulde be example of grace.

Indued with parfett workes of charite/

Sekynge goddis honoure in every cace.

The worlde with his vanities they embrace.

Kenyinge god all though they saye naye/

But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Of this worlde they have the chiefe dominion

With stately preeminence temporall.

They preasume to be hadde in opinion/

Of the people/ as lordes emperiall.

Worsshipfull seniours we must theym call/

Requyrynge that we shulde to theym obeye/

But it cannot thus endure all waye.

The ryches and gooddes of the comen weall/
Hath sett theym in their honoure full hie.
They are occasion that theves do steall/
And cause of all mischefe and misery.
The wordly treasure they consume ydely.
Nothyng regardynge but pastace and playe
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

The labour of the poore people they devour
And of nobles they waste the patrimony.
They teache and exhorte men god to honoure
With their temporall substannce and mony.
They clayme rythes to suppoite their soly.
Inventynge many a faulce offerynge daye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

They ought of duty to preache the gospel/
The wordes of lyfe/so dulcet and swete.
Howe be it there agaynst chesly they rebell/
Christis doctryne troaden vnder their fete.
They beare vs in honde that it is nott mete.
The gospel to be known of people laye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

They shulde be meke/and they ar full of pryde
Doyde of true pacience replete with yre.
Envy they holde/charite sett a syde/
Betaynyng for chastite carnall desyre.

Glouthe and glotteny in their hole empyre.
Hath made temperance and labour to straye
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Emproures ad fying^e they trappe in their lure/
Deceaynge theym bey falce adulation.
So that of promocious they be sure/
Full lytell they ponder their damnacion.
They geve theym no true informacion/
And that evidently parceave they maye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

The woikes of mercy apou them are spent.
Poure people defraudynge with iniury.
They dryncke the bloud of soules innocent/
Simple folke begylynge outrageously.
Their soule fylthy carkes to magnify.
They wrappe in robes and costly araye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Goddys cōmaundmēt^e they trāsgresse opely
To his godly love no respecte havyng.
They take his name in vayne with blaffemy/
Holy dayes after their own mynde faynyng
To honour their parēt^e they are disdaynyng
More covetous then fyttes waytyng apaye.
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Letcherous luste leawdly they enbrace/
Forbiddinge wedlofe agaynst goddis will.
Their subiect^r they oppresse in wretched cace/
Prone vnto morther christen men to spill.
Sacrilege and simony is their corne mill.
Vsyng falce witnes the trueth to delaye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

The sacrament^r of christis ordinaunce.
Institute oure feble fayth to sustayne.
They have perverted vnto oure hyndiaunce.
Enforcynge vs to trust in tryfles vayne.
Worher newe sacrament^r falcely they sayne.
Obscurige god^r worde as moch as theymay
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Christis freedō they have brought in bondage
Of hevenly rightes makynge marchandyse.
In gostly woikes they covert avauntage/
To fede their insaciate covetyse.
Of the damnable masse they make a sacryfise
Compellynge men dearly for it to paye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Of hell and heven they make chevesance /
Faynyng as they lyst a purgatory.
Hypocrisy is leader of their daunce/
With wronge extorcion and vsery.

Of Christis worde they make heresy/
Bedy and prompte chursten men to betraye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Wherfore bresly to synnysshe my balade/
O hevenly father/apon the I call.
Have pyte on man/whom thou hast made/
To serve the in fredom spretuall.
Kid vs from antichristis bondes so thiall.
Wherwith we are fast boynd nyght ad daye
That thy name be not blasphemed all waye.

Lo nowe I have done my best/
To satsify the request/
Accordynge as thou desyredst.

Wat. ¶ I will holde the then no lenger/
But loke that thou remember/
To fulfill that thou promysedst.



Here foloweth the Secunde parte.



Loide god what goode dayes/
Thes monkes have in abbeyes /
And do nether swett nor swyncke.

Jef.

Thei live in welthynges and ease/
Havyng what soever they please/
With delicate meate and dryncke.
Wher with they farce their bellies so full/
That to all goodnes they are dull/
Makyng mery with gill and Joan.

They sitt slepyng in a corner/
Or momblyng their pater noster/
Their mynde nothyng ther apon.
Be they never so stronge or starcke/
They will exercyse no maner warcke/
Nor laboure boddily.

Arte thou here Jeffray mate?

Wat.

Ye/why comest thou so late?

Jef.

I am fayne for the to tary.

I was troubled with the estates/
I besbrowe all their folisshe pates/
For comynge here this daye.

Wat.

So mot I the I thought the same/
Howe be it the stuarde was to blame/
That he did no better porwaye.

Jef.

By thy sayth/had thou better fare/
I n the cloyster where as thou ware/

Wat.

Under the rule of the manastery?

Jef. ¶ Fare cotha? they eate their belies full/
Every man as moche as he wull/

And none sayth blacke is his eye?

Wat. ¶ What do they for it/eny thyng?

Jef. ¶ Truly nothyng but rede and synge/
Passyng the tyme with spoite and playe.

Wat. ¶ That is a lyfe in dede for the nones/
Thou ware a fole by thyse ten bones/

Whan thou camest fro theym awaye?

Jef. ¶ O I thyncke my silse moche fortunate/
That fro their lyfe I am seperate/
Seynge it is so abhominable.

Wat. ¶ What abhominacion is there in?

Jef. Alas mate all to geder is synne/
And wretchednes most miserable.

Wat. ¶ What a man of religion/
Is reputed a dedde person/
To worldly conversacion?

Jef. ¶ It is of a trueth they are dedde/
For they are in no vse no: stedde/
To christen mens consolacion.

And as a dedde stynkynge carface/

Vnproffitably cloyeth a space/

Yf it be kepte above grownde.

So in their lyfe superstitious/

Of wicked crimes enormous/

No maner proffitableness is fownde/

¶ Yett their order is very strayte:

¶ Ye but they vse soche a consayte/

That they make it easy ynowe.

More easy by the tennety parte/

¶ Then to labour in some arte/

Or to go with the carte or plowe.

¶ They have man the worlde forsaken/

And a spretuall lyfe taken/

Consistynge in gostly busynes.

¶ What call ye the worlde I praye?

¶ Welthy ryches and pleasures gaye/

And occasions of synfulnes.

¶ Then are they in the worlde still/

For they have all that they will/

With ryches and possessions.

And as touchynge the realme of vice/

Pryde/wrath/envy/and avarice/

With wother synfull transgressions.

In this worlde that we do name/

There is none so farre oute of frame/

And lyve in soche outragiousnes.

¶ Yett Jeffrye thou errest so god me save/

For the fryers no possessions have/

But lyve only by pure almes.

¶ Fryers? nowe they are worst of all/

Ruffian wretches and rascall/

Lodesmen of all knavishnes.

Though they be no possessioners/

Wat.

Jef.

Wat.

Jef.

Wat.

Jef.

Wat.

Jef.

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Yett are they intollerabill beggers/
Lyyng on rapyn and disceyte.
Worshipfull matrons to begyle/
Honorable virgins to defyle/
Continually they do wayte.
Of honesty they have no regarde=
To displease god they are not afearde/
For the valoure of a pynne/
Of whordom they are the very bandes/
Fraudulent inventers of fraudes/
Provocation vnto synne.
They are slaunder of vertousnes/
Occasion vnto viciousnes
Chickens of the devils broode.
To the trueth they are adversaries/
Diligent imageners of lyes/
Depravers of those that be goode.
They are antichristis godsones/
Promowters of his pardones/
And proctours of simony.
They are brokers heven to sell/
Fre copy holders of hell/
And se fermers of purgatory.
Of sathan they are the souldiers/
And antichristis owne mariners/
His shippe forwardes to convey,
And to conclude seriously/
They are the hell howndes veryly/

Enmies agaynst goddis worde allwaye.

¶ Nowe thou arte gretyly oversene/

For in places there as I have bene/

They do goode I the certify.

For yf it wer not for the fryers/

There wolde not be in seven yeres/

A sermon in the povre contry.

And as for their lyvyng trully/

They begge peoples almes purly/

Takyng soche thynges as they geve.

They have no wast superfluite/

But even their bare necessite/

Scant ynough wherby to leve.

¶ I mean not that they are all bad/

For I wolde the devill theym had/

Then with a fayre deliverance.

But of the gretter parte I thought/

Which I saye are worssse then nought/

Replete with mischevous vengeance.

Their preachyng is not scripture/

But fables of their coniecture/

And mens ymaginacions.

They bryng in olde wyves tales/

Both of Englonde/ fraunce/and Wales/

Which they call holy narracions.

And so theym scripture they apply/

Pervertyng it most shamfully/

After their owne opinions.

Wat.

Ief.

Wherwith the people beyng fedde/
In to manyfolde errors are ledde/
And wretched supersticions.
Of Christ oure mercifull saveoure/
They make a iudge full of terroure/
Only threatninge onre dmnacion.
Whose faveoure as they falsly sayne/
We cannot be able to obteyne/
With oute sayntes mediacion.
They saye that holy mens suffrages/
Pardons masses/and pilgrimages/
For synnes make satisfaccion.
They bid vs in oure woikes to trust/
Wherby they saye that we must/
Deserve oure saluacion.
Fayth litell or nothyng they repute/
Wherof we beyng destitute/
Are brought into desperacion.
And as for their lyfe doutles/
It is the well of ongraciousnes/
Of iniquite the myroure.
The almes that poure folke shulde have/
Wretchedly awaye they do crave/
To lyve ydely withoute labour.
Dispayres continually they do muse/
And crafty falsshod dayly they vse/
With simple folke gretly dissemblynge.
They feare lytell whom they offende/

Acustomed to rappe and render
All that cometh in their fingrynge.
Their miserable disposicion/
Causeth stryfe and sedicion/
In all places where as they dwell.
There is none unhappines done/
In eny christen region/
But a fryer is of the counsell.
Though they saye that their order/
Is to have no thyng in proper/
But to vse all thynges in comone.
Yett ther is no comenalte/
Which hath so gret parcialite/
As their miserable religione.
For where as the heddes principall/
Whom master docters they call/
Lyve in welthy aboundance.
The wother are povre and nedy/
Leadyng their lyves in penury/
Scant havynge their sustenance.
Of their brothers veracion/
They have no compassion/
Despysynge those that be in sicknes.
Agaynst all order of charite/
They desdayne forto have pite/
Upon theym that are in destres.
To shewe all their unhappines/
So abhominable and shames/

It wer ouer tedious and longe.

Wat. ¶ Thou hast sayde ynough all redy/
They cannot be moche wors lyghly/
Yf the diuell be not theym amonge.

Jef. ¶ As for that thou nedest not feare/
The devill with theym is familiare/
All waye bothe at bed and at borde.

Wat. ¶ The observauntes are not so disposed :

Jef. ¶ Wilt thou have their lyfe disclosed/
Bresly rehearsed at a worde :

Wat. ¶ Nowe mate I praye the hartely.

Jef. ¶ So god helpe me of all hypocrysy/
They are the very foundation.

Wat. ¶ Peace man/what speakest thou :
I perceave well thou errest nowe/
With wordes of diffamacion.

Jef. ¶ Why thynkest thou that I do erre :

Wat. ¶ Because the worlde doth theym preferre /
for their wholly conversacion.

Jef. ¶ Ye so were the scribes and phariseys/
Through their falce hypocrysy ways/
Amonge the Jues in reputacion.

Neverthelesse in inwarde maners/
They were worse then open synners/
Whom oure lorde also did coursse.

Wat. ¶ Makest of theym soche compareson :

Jef. ¶ Ye sayynge after my opinion/
The observant^r are farre worse.

It is not possible to be so/ Wat.

fo: they shewe ther as they go/

Of simplenes gret aperaunce.

Ye so dothe the fore wother whyle/ Jef.

All though he canne many a wyle/

Pretende a simple countenaunce.

Thou doest wrongfully surmyse. Wat.

Naye I tell the it is their gyse/ Jef.

To have two faces in a hooide.

What dost thou meane thereby? Wat.

That they are dissemblers vniuersally/ Jef.

And fewe or none of theym be goode.

They vse no whordom/ nor robbery/ Wat.

Nor take mens goodes wrongfully/

As farie as I can heare or se?

Open advoutrers they are none/ Jef.

Yet are they not virgens every chone/

All though they pro fesse chastite.

They have pollucions detestable/

And in warde brennyng^r intollerable/

Of the flesshly concupiscence.

Ye and wother whyles advoutry/

With wother meanes of letchery/

Cloaked vnder a fayned pretence.

Wich to overcome certaynly/

They vse not the right remedy/

Of oure lordis institucion.

Gevyng hede to spieres of erroures/

.1102 And doctryne of diuyllyſſhe doctours/
Which do make prohibicion.
And as touchynge theft to be playne/
They are the greteſt theves that raygne/
In all the worlde nowe a dayes
For all wother theves cōmenly/
Of theym which have aboundantly/
And of ryche folke take their prayes.
But the obſervant^r no people do spare
Makynge their queſt every wheare/
With moſt importunate cravynge.
To begge of the pover and nedy/
They are as dogges moſt gredy/
And wolves inceſſantly ragynge.

Wat. ¶ Yet they never handell money?

Jef. ¶ No for that is a ſubtyll policy/
To vpholde their madde diſgyſynge.
For when antichriſt ſathans ſoune/
To ſtablyſſhe his realme had begoune/
Temporall honoure deſpysynge.
To have all in his donimion/
He made made many a religion/
With outwarde holynes aperyng.
Which into ſectes innumerable/
Wer divided with oute fable/
The worlde in care ſorto bryng.
By their colouried devocion/
To the people they gave a mocion/

Their favoure craftly purchasyng.
And so by their contrivynge cast/
The gott clene a waye at the last/
Their these possessions temporally.
Wherby laye people oppressed sore/
Scant coulde they geve eny more/
Concernynge londes and patrimony.
Then cam the fower orders of fryers/
Which are the substanciall pillers/
Of antichristis mayntenaunce.
So holy theym selves they did make/
That all possessions they did forsake/
Wilfull poverty to inhaunce.
To live by almes they did pretende/
And receaved all that god did sende/
Shewynge tokens of perfection.
Wherfore the people did theym honoure/
With gretter love and saveoure/
Then those that had possession.
Except livelod and londes only/
They receaved all that cam frely/
Whether it wer mony or ware.
Howe be it they did multiply/
In all provinces so innumerably/
Through the worlde in every quartear.
That the people wexed wery/
Seynge they coulde not fepe a peny/
But the fryers wolde begge it awaye.

At the last cam the observaunt^r/
Of antichrist the trusty servaunt^r /
To brynge the worlde in more defaye.
And least they shulde seme chargeable/
They fownde a newe waye deceavable/
To begylde bothe yonge and olde.
They were of soche supersticione/
That in proper or in comone/
They wolde nothyng kepe nor holde.
Of their nedes havynge the vse/
To handle money they dyd refuse/
Faynyng austerite of pennaunce.
Wherby with desyrous affecte/
The people had a grett respecte/
Unto their paynted observaunce.
In somoche that though their bondes/
Was geven clene oute of their bondes/
By meanes of the possessioners.
And also most greuously opprest/
With the dayly cravynge and quest/
Of the vnsaciate fryer beggers.
Yet the observaunt^r semed so parfyt/
That to healpe theym they iudged yt/
With oute charge a thyng charitable.
Wherfore all the wother sectes/
In maner reputed abiectes/
The observaunt^r were honorable.
Upon whom the workes of mercy/

Were bestowed continually/
With superfluous abundaunce.
And so vnder a leawde coloure/
In ydelnes they did deuoure/
The poure peoplis sustenaunce.
They haue increased so their number/
That all the worlde they do encomber/
With intollerable oppression.
They are more noyous agret deale/
In hyndraunce of the comen wealle/
Above eny wother faccion.
For where as the people afore/
Wer halfe beggered and more/
By the wother orders afore sayde.
They robbed the worlde vterl y/
Causynge it with extreme beggery/
In grett ruyne to be defayde.
¶ Thou speakest agaynst conscience/
For we perceave by experience/
What a godly lyfe they leade.
They flye diligently all excesse/
Livynge in povertie and scasnes/
With smale dryncke and browne breade.
¶ Thyntest thou they live in penury?
¶ Or els they are hipocrites verily/
Of shamfull dissimulacion.
¶ Saye that hardly once agayne/
For they leade a lyfe to be playne/

Wat.

Jes.

Wat.

Jes.

Full of worldly delectacion/
Fyrst they have befe and mutten/
Of the chese that maye be gotten/
With bried and dryncke of the best.
And that mo:over so largely/
That to farce and stufte their belly/
They take more then they can deiest.
They have sauces with every disshē/
Whither that it be flesshē or fysshē/
Or els they wil not be content.
To eate bred that is browne or stale/
Ether to dryncke thynne byere or ale/
They count it not convenient.
And many tymes they have daynties/
Sent from dyvers lordes and ladyes/
Their wholy suffrages to procure.

Wat. ¶ Yet they neither bake nor brewē.

Jes. ¶ No for all labour they exchewe/
I the saythfully ensure.

Wat. ¶ Howe have they their meate rost or bake?

Jes. ¶ Wothe men for theym the payne take/
Whom spretuall fathers they call.

Wat. ¶ And have they no spretuall mothers?

Jes. ¶ Yes with many sisters and brothers/
And also doughters spretuall.

Wat. ¶ Howe come they to fynned so nye/

Jes. ¶ Because they canne flatter and lye/
Makynge beleve the cove is wode.

They cannot lye though they wolde/
For they will nether silver nor golde/
Nor covet eny manis goode.

Mat.

Trowest thou they covyt nothyng/
Where as they come a beggyng/
To the housse of a povre man?
Which hath both wyse and children/
And is not able to synde them/
Doynge the best that ever he can.

Jes.

Yet he must unto the fryers geve/
All though he schulde his housholde greve/
Havyng nought theym selves to eate.

O they have then the gretter miede.

Mat.

Ye god geve theym evill to spede/
That do pover creaturs so entreate.

Jes.

For they schulde their livynge gett/
With boddely labour and swett/
Wherby they myght healpe wother.

So they do healpe them spretually.

Mat.

Soche spretualnes I desye/
When pover people dye for honger.

Jes.

Men saye they are goode to the pover/
And geve every daye at their doer/
Grett almes and refresshyng.

Mat.

They geve almes/but howe?
When they have eaten ynowe/
Their gredy paunches replenishyng.
Then gadder they vp their levett/
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Jes.

Not the best mo:rels but gobbets/
Which vnto pover people they deale.

Wat. ¶ Then are they lyfe with oute doute/
Vnto certayne theves depoute/
Which though they vse to steale.

Yet they are liberall and fre/
Yf eny pover creature they se/
To geve hym parte of their stolen geare.

Jes. ¶ Nowe truly their disposicion/
Is not vnylike of condicion/
Savynge in this poynte they differ.

That where as theves liberally/
Geve their goodes gotten wrongfully/
To the pover with true affection.
They geve no thyng in very trothe/
But scrappes which they wolde be lothe/
To vse agayne in their refeccon.

Wat. ¶ Pover folke yet cōmende theym gretly.

Jes. ¶ But yf they knewe as moche as I/
They wolde rather on them complayne.

Wat. ¶ Howe do they pover people offende?

Jes. ¶ By cause in ydelnes they spende/
Which vnto them shulde pertayne.

Wat. ¶ They are not ydell I dare saye/
Whyl^e they rede/synge/and praye
Continuallly every houre.

Jes. ¶ I call it ydelnes vnproffetable/
Which in no case is comfortable/

To the necessite of oure neighbour.

¶ Well yett the apostle doth wryte/
Iust mans prayer doth proffyte/
And is very efficacious.

Wat.

¶ Are they iust in thy reputacion?

Jef.

¶ After their owne affirmacion/
Truly they are iust and righteous.

Wat.

¶ Then it is an evident token/
That they are of whom it is spoken/
De vobis qui iustificatis vos ipsos.

Jef.

¶ What dost thou by these wordes note?

Wat.

¶ That vnderneath a fryers cote/
Moche hipocrisy they glose.

Jef.

¶ Keputest thou it hipocrisy/

Wat.

That they vse to go so holyly/
In curt shues with out eny hose?

¶ Be it hipocrysy or no/

Jef.

To mangill their goode shues so/
Ne thynketh it but solissnes.

¶ They cutt but the vpper ledder/

Wat.

¶ No for it is moche easier/

Jef.

Then to cut the soles doutles.

¶ They do it for pennaunce sake/

Wat.

¶ For all that gret skifte they make/

Jef.

To avoyde all co:porall sufferance.

¶ They shewe signes of penaunce outwardly.

Wat.

¶ Ye but they synde soche a remedy/

Jef.

That they fele lytell grevaunce.

For in covent^r where as they are/
Thycke mantels of frysse they weare/
With sockes to kepe their fete warme
Then have they fyre at their pleasure/
And to sit therby at their leysure/
No man sayinge theym eny harme.
And when they walke their stacions/
They see gentilmens habitacions/
Where as they fare deliciously.
For be there never so grett prease/
They are set vp at the hy dease/
Taken lyke lordes honorably.
They have also to wasshe their fete/
Water made hott with erbes swete/
And a goode fyre in their chamber.
Then have they bred/ale/and wyne/
With a ryche bed of downe fyne/
Decked after the best maner.
And peradventure the goode father/
Hath in his sleve a bladder/
Full of gynger/nummegges or graynes.
Which to make the drinke myghthe/
He putteth therein a quantite/
To comfoute and warme his veynes.

Wat. ¶ They synd not this whersoever they come?

Jes. ¶ Syr I wis it is their custome/
In gentilmens places comenly.

Wat. ¶ Yet when they go on farre iorneys/

They cannot espye oute all ways/
Gentilmens houses so redely.

¶ Mary before their departynge/
They have by mouthe or wrytynge/
The names of places where they dwell.

Jes.

¶ Some tyme they sayle yet I indge:

Wat.

¶ Then do they mormor and grudge/
Lyke youge devils of hell.

Jes.

¶ They want soche thynges in their cloyster:

Wat.

¶ Concernynge the fare of their froyter/
I did tell the a fore partly.

Jes.

But then they have gest chambers/
Which are ordened for strangers/
And for fathers to make mery.

There have they ale/wyne/and byre/
And in winter tyme a geode fyre/
With gaye conceytes many wother.

¶ What is their cōmunicacion?
¶ By my sothe murmuracion/
One backbyrynge another.

Wat.

¶ They have nothyng to murmur fore.

Jes.

¶ I tell the they murmur more/
Then eny persons that I knowe.

Wat.

¶ Full of envious suspicion/
Overwhelmed with ambicion/
Though their vocacion be lowe.

Jes.

¶ With all diligence they labour/
To obtrayne noble mens favoure/

To obtrayne noble mens favoure/

And to be ladys confessours.

In soche matters dayly they booste/
Who with grett estates maye do mooste/
Reckenyng theym seloe wyse seniours.

Wat. ¶ Do they desyre to be conversant/
In courtes of vertue so scant/
Intangled with all vngraciousnes?

Jef. ¶ They are content to be partners/
With all vngracions lyvers/
Yf so be they geve theym almes.

Wat. ¶ I put case they geve nothyng?

Jef. ¶ Then whether he be lorde or kyng/
They will his maners deprave.
Howe be it though they be advouters/
Extorsioners/or whomongers/
Yf to be their frendes they witsave.

Then with grett cōmendacion/
In their flatterynge predicacion/
They will their actes magnify.
Wherfore whoares/ theves/and bawdes/
And all soche as live by frawdес/
To their oider have a fantesye.

Wat. ¶ Howe do they which are true preachers?

Jef. ¶ They are charged in their chapters/
Vnder their prelatys strayte precepte.
That agaynst their goode fownders/
Benefactors/and frendly doers/
No enoimies they detecte.

If they sett men thus to scole/
I trowe they make many a sole/
Of ladys and gentill wemen.

Wat.

Shall I shewe the howe they do?
Nowe for oure lordis sake go to/
To tell the cast of this wholly men.

Jef.

Wat.

Fyrst it is their custome ever/
To go/two and two to gether/
Excepte a grett impediment.

Jef.

And so to my ladys chamber/
Formost prickteth in the elder/
Which of theym is most auncient.

As sone as my lady he dothe se/
With a countenaunce of gravite/
He saluteth her noblenes.

My lady then of his comynge/
Affectously reioysynge/
Welcometh hym with gladnes.

The father then with his glosynge style/
After that he hath preached a whyle/
With babblyng adulation.

My lady with many a goode morowe/
Begynneth her tale to folowe/
Speakynge after this fassion.

O father ye do grett penaunce/
To wynde eternall inheritaunce/
Throw prayer/fast/and watchynge.

Ye vse foure sweare no othes/
f v

Lyinge evermore in youre clothes/
Neither shetes nor shertes wearynge.
Ambicion ye sett a syde/
Flyinge worldly pompe and pryde/
Whiche with vs is dayly in vre.
Happy are ye and fortunate/
To live inso parfet a state/
Where to be saved ye are sure.
Yf it were not for youre wholines/
This worlde full of viciousnes/
Had bene destroyed longe or this.
Howe be it/ye do pacify/
The rigoure of god almighty/
Toward vs that live a mis.
The father then with wordes of comferte/
Begynneth my lady to exhorte/
Saynge thus/o goode madame.
Your ladyshippe nedeth not to care/
For we praye dayly for youre welfare/
Or els we were gretly to blame.
Wholy. S. fraunces do you mede/
Many a pover fryer ye do fede/
Of youre bounteous charite.
Wherfore ye were made sister/
In the last generall chapter/
Of oure whole confraternite.
By meanes wherof ye are partetaker/
Of oure watchynge/fast/and prayer/

Remembrynge you in oure memento.

There is no daye that cometh to passe/

But ye have parte of many a masse/

Preseruyng you from carfull wo.

Wholy. S. fraunces also hym selve/

Which is above the apostles twelve/

Nerte vnto Christ in authorite.

Shalbe youre perpetuall defence/

Agaynst sycknes and pestilence/

Souckerynge you in aduersite.

And for a sure aprobacion/

He bryngeth forth a narracion/

De libro conformitatum.

Howe. S. frances their aduoury/

Once in the yere entreih purgatory/

When that his fest daye doth come.

And from thens he taketh oute/

Those which to hym were deuoute/

Or to his order charitable.

Thus my lady not very wyse/

Is brought in to soles paradysse/

Thoro we their wordes disceuable.

¶ Hath Christ amonge theym no places

¶ Christ catharin no maner cace/

He is rather to their damage.

Be cause thoro we his passion/

For vs he made satisfaccion/

Withoute eny mans suffrage.

Wac.

Jef.

Whose doctryne yf they did observe/
Playnly for honger they shulde sterue/
Excepte they wolde to labour fall.

Wat. ¶ Howe conclude they then at the ende?

Jef. ¶ My lady must to their covent sende/
Her blyssyng with a trentall.

Wat. ¶ What is the trentall/in paper?

Jef. ¶ Or els in goodde golde or silver/
To make theym a recreation.

Wat. ¶ They will not for all Englonde/
Handill money with their bare honde/
As I have had informacion.

Jef. ¶ Yet in golden cuppes to dryncke/
And to touche women I thyncke/
No grett parell they do adverte.
And though some of theym never dare/
Touche eny coyne with bondes bare/
Yet they touche it with their hertt.
They have also withouten lesyng/
Money in wother mens fepyng/
Redy at their comaundment.

Which by the wryttrynge of a bill/
In whatt soever vses they will/
Dayly is bestowed and spent.

In eny covent where they be/
Very fearwe of theym thou shalt se/
But have a frende temporally.
To whom for every tryfull vayne/

That cometh once into their brayne/

Yf by wrytyng they signify.

Though it cost a noble or twayne/

By and by they shall it attayne/

Not soarsynge what is layde oute.

Which truly yf they shulde purchace/

With labour and swett of their face/

They wolde wotherwyse loke aboute.

¶ Yf it be as thou dost expresse/

Playnly their rule they do transgresse/

Retaynyng in comen or in proper.

¶ They have the popis declaracion/

Makynge therof a mitigacion/

In most favorable maner.

Vnder whose diuylslike proteccion/

They have put theym in subieccion/

As children of iniquite.

Wherfore he taketh to his person/

The name of their dominion/

To vse it gerynge liberte.

They have scant as moche as a lousse/

Nether clothes/churche/ nor housse/

But the pope there of is awner.

¶ Why ascribe they it to the pope?

¶ By cause with soche craft they hope/

To begylde people secular.

For where as they live welthyly/

And have all thyng^g abundantly/

Wat.

Jef.

Wat.

Jef.

Accordynge to their apetyte.
Yet vnder soche false pretence/
They sayne to soffre indigence/
Contempnyng all worldly delyte.
The pope also for this intent/
Because to his errors they consent/
Allowynge his abhominacions.
Graunteth to their avauntages/
Many bulles and preuileges/
With wretched confirmacions.
Whose fauoure to recompence/
Agaynst all gode conscience/
They preache as moche as they maye.
That the people with reverence/
Continue still in obedience/
Of the popis rule nyght and daye.
Though his workes be contrary/
They saye that he is goddis vicary/
And of Christ the lestenante/
Makynge of a fende/and angell/
Christ/of antichrist rebell/
A saynt/of the diuels seruaunte.
Wat. ¶ I supposed with out dissemblynge/
That they used in their preachynge/
All ways to sheawe the verite.
Seynge amonge the states royall/
They were reputed substanciall/
With oute any parcialite.

They used to go in pover wede/
Exhortynge both in worde and dede/
Vnto the ioye celestiaall.

As though they had no erthely love/
But only to the lyfe aboue/

Despyssynge the ioyes of this lyfe mortall.

¶ The wholynes that they did shewe/
Principally did over throwe/

34.

The fayth of all christendome.

For they were confederate/

With antichrist so inveterate/

Called the Pope of Rome.

Whose lawes to sett in renoune/

Christis doctryne they plucked downe/

Pervertynge all holy scripture.

And yet so perfett they did apere/

That grett mens confessions to here/

In every place they had the cure.

They pretended soche parfeynes/

That simple people more and les/

Vnto their wordes gave credence.

Wharsoever fables they did tell/

They were taken as the gospel/

Approved with comen sentence.

Whetfore by their seduccion/

They have bene the destruccion/

Of all true Christen liberte.

They make cruelnes of mercy/

Perfeccion of hipocrisy/
And of fredome captivite.
Of counterfeyted simlacion/
They ymagen mortificacion/
Turnynge sayth to infidelite.
Ydelnes they name contemplacion/
Faynyng zeale of murmuracion/
Enmies to charitable amite.

Wat. ¶ I marvayle moche and wonder/
That they shulde have eny anger/
Or eny envidious debate.
Seynge from worldly royalte/
And promotions of dignite/
They are willingly private.

Jes. ¶ Though they have no worldly honours/
Yet nether kynges ne emperours/
Nor wother states of the temperalte.
Have soche stryfe in their provision/
As observantes in their religion/
With dedly hatred and enmyte.
To be made confessors/and preachers/
Wardens/discretes/and ministers/
And wother offices of prelacy.
With grevous malice and rancour/
One agaynst a nother dothe murmou/
Full of craft and inconstancy.
They have nether diede no: shame/
Their faultles brethren to defame/

Havinge none occasion why.
Yonge men agaynst their superiours/
And prelates agaynst their inferiours/
One at another hath envy.
In chapters and visitacions/
They use wronge accusations/
With many slanderous iniuries
They execute sharpe correccions/
To ponnysse the transgressions/
Of their fantasticke ceremonies.
God and his lawes they omitt/
Aplyinge their malicious witt/
To fepe mans invencions.
They are patrons of ydolatry/
Promouters vnto herisy/
And bryngers vp of dissencions.
¶ Nowe by the sayth of my body/
The obsevaunt^r are not so holy/
As they do outwardly seme.
¶ If thou knewe manifestly/
What a lyfe they occupy/
Thou woldest marvayle I deme.
¶ I have hearde ynough and to moche/
Yf theyr conversacion be soche/
It is pite that they are souffered.
But nowe touchyng the maners/
Of these religious possessioners/
I wolde heare somwhat more uttered.

Wat.

Jef.

Wat.

Jef. ¶ I tolde the in the begynnynge/
Howe their wicked lyyunge/
Is greely abhominable.
Marcke their lyfe intentifely/
And thou shale not therin espy/
Eny thyng that is cōmendable.

Wat. ¶ What sayst thou then of their vowes?
Wherby theym selves they spowse/
To god/by a certayne promes.

Jef. ¶ Surly in it Christ they forsake/
And them selves wholly they betake/
To live in the devils serves.

Wat. ¶ Why/they professe chastite/
Obedience/and wilfull poverte/
Which allmyghty god doth approbate.

Jef. ¶ Ye for all that I promes the/
They kepe none of all the thre/
With mundane affections intricate.

Wat. ¶ All worldynes they do renounce.

Jef. ¶ Though with wordes they so pronounce/
Their hertes do not consent.

Wat. ¶ They observe truly obedience.

Jef. ¶ Ye but sayynge reverence/
Nothyng after Christis intent.
For after goddis cōmandement/
They shulde obey their parent.
Honorynge theym as is their duty.
Not with standynge they are so mad/

Their fathers and mothers are glad/

To honoure theym reverently.

And where as holy scripture wolde/

That unto all powers we shulde/

Obey as to goddis ordenaunce.

They are vnder no power at all/

Nether spretuall nor temporall/

To the cōmen weallis fortheraunce.

¶ They obey unto their prelate/

At all seasons yerly and late/

His precept accomplissynge.

¶ I will not denye they do obey/

Unto the ruler of their abbey/

A carle of their owne chosynge.

Yet is it in superstitiousnes/

With outen eny profitablenes/

Of their neighbours comforte.

They serve theym selves and no mo/

Carynge litell howe the worlde go/

So that they have pleasure and spote.

And contrary the seculars/

Are vnder temporall rulers/

With their children and wyves.

At all seasons prest and redy/

To put theym selves in ieopardy/

Auenturyng bothe goodes and lyves.

To serve the kynge in warre and peace/

They put theym selves alwaye in preace/

Wat.

Jef.

The defence of the realme assistynge.
Wher as the religious sectes/
Vnto no lawes are subiectes/
Obeyinge nether god nor kynge.
Yf the kynge will their service vse/
Forthwith they laye for an excuse/
That they must do goddis busines.
And yf in it they be fownde negligent/
They saye the kynge is impediment/
Because they must do hym serves.
And yf the kynge shall theym compell/
Then obstynatly they do rebell/
Fleinge to the popis mayntenaunce.
Of whom they obtrayne exemptions/
From all the iurisdiccions/
Of temporall governaunce.

Wat. ¶ Of the pope with out grett expens/
They can obtrayne no soche defens/
As men saye which do it knowe.

Jes. ¶ Yet are they so farre out of tune/
That they do their goodes so consume/
Rather then in gode uses to bestowe.

Wat. ¶ I perceave by this with out fayle/
Their obedience doth not provayle/
But what sayst thou to their povertie?

Jes. ¶ What nede I therof to speake/
Consideringe they do it breake/
Endued with ryche felicitye.

I So they soche lyvelod possesser
I They have in maner the ryches/
 Of every londe and nacion.
 Namly in Englonde region/
 They excede in possession/
 And lordly dominacion.
 The blacke order hath more alone/
 Then all the nobles every chone/
 As touchynge their patrimony.
 Thou woldest surly marvell/
 To se their fare and aparell/
 In all poyntes superfluusly.
 There be monkes of soche statlynes/
 That scant will suffer at their messe/
 A lorde of bludde with theym to sitt.
 Whose prowde service to beholde/
 In plate of silver and golde/
 It passeth a mans witt.
 knyghtes and squyers honorable/
 Are fayne to serve at their table/
 As vnto Dukes excellent.
 Divers of theym have the degre/
 Of worthy Erles in dignite/
 And are lordes of the parlement.
I They descende of famous progeny:
I Ye beggers sonnes most comenly/
 Their fathers scant worth a groate.
 Comynge fyrst to the abby gate/

Wat.
 Jcf.

Wat.
 Jcf.

A beggynge with a scalled pate/
Havyng nether goode shurt nor coate.
Which as sone as he is ones clad/
For a gentilman he is had/
Though he be but a starcke knawe.

Wat. ¶ Soche povertie is plente/
For by it avoydynge scacite/
All welthynges they have.

Jef. ¶ It is truly their fisshyng net/
Pover mens goodes awaye to get/
To satisfy their gluttonny.

It is the goulfe of devoracion/
And fountayne of desolacion/
To all people generally.

Wherof in wholy scripture/
Is written a notable figure/
Shewed in the boke of Daniell/

Howe the prestes of Babilone/
With falsshod acordynge in one/
Had an ydole called Bell.

Outwardly made all of bras/
And inwardly of erth it was/
Havyng a resceyve so devised.

That the ydole seemed to devowere
An. C. shepe with wyne and flower/
Dayly vnto it sacryfised.

Which the prestes with their whores/
Therowe crafy contrived dores/

Entreinge in the nyght secretly.
And there makynge recreacion/
They consumed the oblacion/
Oppressynge the people greuously.
Which semed so straunge a thyng/
That bothe the people and the kynge/
Reputed it a grett miracle.
Vntill Daniel at the last/
Perceavyng their disceivable cast/
Agaynst it made an obstacle.
He vttered to their confusion/
The execrable illusion/
Wherwith the folke they sore noyed.
Causynge by his policy/
That this ydole vterly/
Was broken and destroyed.

¶ Wherto dost thou this compare?
¶ Of religious persons to declare/
The intollerable enormite.

Mat.
Jes.

For as the prestes with their ydoll/
The pover people did pill and poll/
By their dissaytfull suttelite.
So the children of perdition/
Named men of religion/
With their wilfull povertie.
The wyde worlde for to begger/
Daye and nyght they indever/
Blyndynge the peoples simplicitie.

Wat. ¶ I marvaile men make no restraynt/
Their dissaytfulnes to attayne/
Whyls it is open and aperte.

Jef. ¶ Daniel is not yett come/
Which shall obtayne the roume/
Their fraudfull wayes to subuerte.

Wat. ¶ When shalbe then his comynge?

Jef. ¶ I ensure the o: longe runnyng/
So: he begynneth to drawe nere.

Wat. ¶ Well then/this matter to remitt/
I wolde very fayne a lytell fitt/
Of their chastite to heare.

Jef. ¶ To tell the of their chastite/
It lyeth not in my capacite/
The shamfullnes therof to compryse.

Wat. ¶ Men saye they live blissedly/
With out acte of matrimony/
Ensuyng veritious exercyse.

Jef. ¶ Their cloysters are the devils mmes
Farre worse then eny stwes/
Or comen places of whordom.

They are the dens of baudines/
And fornaces of all lecherousnes/
Lyke vnto Gomer and Sodom.

Yonge laddes and babes innocent/
They brynge in by their inrysment/
To their leawde congregacion.

Whom they reccave to profession/

Before that they have discrecion/
To their eternall damnacion.

For when they fele by experience/
The brynnynge of the concupiscence/
Pryckynge their hertes with love.

Consyderynge also their bondage/
Howe they can vse no mariage/
As a christen man doth behove.

Then to quenche their apetytes/
They are sayne to be sodomytes/
Abusynge theym selves vnnaturally.

And so from hope of salvacion/
They fall into desperacion/
Ordrynge their lyves most shamfully.

I will not say the contrary/
But amonge a grett company/
One or two soche thou mayst fynde. Wat.

Make the company grett or small/
Amonge a thousand fynde thou shall/
Scant one chaste of boddy and mynde. Jef

They saye yett with bolde audacite/
That it resteth in mans faculte/
If he will/to live chastyly. Wat.

Then make they Christ a lyer/
Callynge it a gyste singuler/
Not geven to every boddy. Jef.

Paul also in his epistle/
Vnto Timothe his disciple/

Writynge by sprete of prophecy.
Nameth it a dyvlysshe doctryne.
Which agaynst scripture divine/
Forbiddeth folke to mary.
Moreover the storys not saynyng/
The lives of olde fathers conteynyng/
Gave reccorde to the same.
Which endued with godly science/
Exercysynge continuall abstinence.
The lustes of the flesshe to tame.
Yet feawe or none had the grace/
With all their labour to purchase/
The singuler gyfte of chastite.
Howe shuld they then live chaste/
That of gostlynes have no taste/
Given holy to carnalite.
Which as wolbes and bely beastes.
Eatynge and drynkynge in their feastes/
The bloudde of the pover comenalte/
They hate soche as are studious/
Abhorrynge those that are verteous/
As a roade/or poysonde serpente.
With oute knowledge as asses brute/
Of all gode manners destitute/
Braynles and insipient.

Wat. ¶ Ife then he werre a very chylde/
Which wolde eny mo abbeyes bylde/
If the goodes shuld be so yll spent.

It werre fare better I suppose/
To plucke downe a grett sorte of those/
Which are all redy of costly bilydunge/
Oure lorde forbid/that werre pete/
For they kepe hospitalite/
Waye farynge people harboiynge.
Husbande men and labourers/
With all comen artificers/
They cause to have grett ernynge.
Their townes and villages/
With out exaccions or pillages/
Vnder theym have moche wynnynge.
They kepe also many seruauntes/
Retaynyng farmers and tennauntes/
Which by theym have their lyvynge.
Hospitall abbeyes thou syndest but feawe/
All though some of theym for askeawe/
To blyndfelde the peoples syght.
Paraventure will not denaye/
If a gentle man come that waye/
To geve hym lodgyng for a nyght.
But yf pover men thither resorte/
They shall have full lytell comferte/
Nether meate/dryncke/ne lodgyng.
Savynge wother whyles perhap/
They gett a feawe broken scrap/
Of these comorant levyng.
Well yett their fare consyderynge/

Jef

Wat.

Jef.

Wat.

It is I wis no smale thyng/
That they leave dayly at their boorde.
Jes. ¶ Ye but thoroꝝe falce loꝝchers/
And vnthryfty abbey lobbers/
To poure folcke lytell they a foꝝde.
Foꝝ the best meate awaye they carue/
Which foꝝ their harlott^r must serue/
With wother frendes of their fynne.
Then proll the servyng officers/
With the yemen thar be wayters/
So that their leuett^r are but thynne.
And where as thou makest relacion/
That men of sondry occupacion/
By theym are sett vnto labour.
It is aboute soche folysshnes/
Concernyng no proffytablenes/
Vnto their neghbours soccoure.
In byldyng of chambers curious/
Churches/and houses/ superfluous/
To no purpose expedient.
So that they maye satissfy/
Their inoꝝdinate fantaſy/
They care foꝝ no detryment.
Set dyce and carde players a syde/
And thoroꝝe out the worlde so wyde/
They waste their goode most in vayne.
Their pryde maketh many a begger/
Seawe oꝝ none faryng the better/

Except an ydell Javel o: twayne.
Their towneſ ſomtyme of renowne/
Leawdly they cauſe to faule downe/
The honoure of the londe to marre.
They ſue their ſubiect^s at the lawe/
Whom they make nort worth a ſtrawe/
Raynyng theym gildes at the barre.
And that I me nowe reporte/
To their lordſhips a grett ſorte/
With whom they had controverſys.
Namly/Saynt Edmondſ bery/
With dyvers wother a grett many/
Vnder the holde of monaſterys.
Furthermore theare as I did wone/
All huſbande men they have vndone/
Deſtroynge the londe miſerably.
¶ To prove that it wer very harde.
¶ Take hede howe ſarmers go backwarde/
And thou ſhalt ſe it with thyne ey.
For the londeſ welth pryncipally/
Stondeth in exercyſe of huſbandry/
By encreace of catell and tillynge.
Which as longe as it doth proſper/
The realme goeth backwarde never/
In ſtabill felicitye perſeuerynge.
The abbeyſ then full of covetyſe/
Whom poſſeſſions coulde not ſuffyſe/
Ever more and more encroachynge.

Wat.
Jef.

After they had spoyled gentill men/
They vndermyned husbände men/
In this maner theym robbynge.
Wgeare a farme for xx. li. was sett/
Vnder. xxx. they wolde not it lett/
Raysynge it vp on so hye a some.
That many a goode hussholder/
Constrayned to geve his farme over/
To extreme beggary did come.

Wat. ¶ I have hearde saye of myne elders/
That in Englonde many fermers/
Kept gaye housholdes in tymes passed.

Jef. ¶ Ye that they did with liberalite/
Sheawynge to poore people charite/
But now e all together is daffed.
Of ryche farme places and halles/
Thou seist nothyng but bare walles/
The roses fallen to the grownde/
To tourne fayre houses into pasture/
They do their diligent cure/
The cōmen well to confownde.

Wat. ¶ How we have the abbeyes their payment?

Jef. ¶ A newe waye they do invent/
Lettynge a dosen farmes vnder one.
Which one or two ryche franchlynge/
Occupyinge a dosen mens lyvynge/
Take all in their owne bondes a lone.

Wat. ¶ The wether in paynge their rent/

Be lyckflyhod were negligent/
And wolde not do their duty.

¶ They payde their duty and more/
But their farmes are heythed so soie/
That they are brought vnto beggery.

¶ Have the francflyng^r therby no gayne?

¶ Yes/but fyrst they have moche payne/
Yer they can gett it substancially.

Payinge more for the entrynge in/

Then they shalbe able to wyne/

A goode whyle after certaynly.

For to gett the abbott^r consent/

Vnder the seale of the covent/

It is a thyng very costly.

Where of the charges to recover/

Lest they shulde theym selves enpoover/

And be brought into decaye.

Pover cilly shepperd^r they gett/

Whome into their farmes they sett/

Lyvyng on mylke/whyg/and whey.

¶ Mercyfull lorde/ who hearde ever tell/

Religious folke to be so cruell/

Supplantynge the temporalte.

¶ Thou knowest nott watfyn felowe/

Howe they have brought to sorowe/

In lyk wyse the spretualte.

¶ By what maner cavillation?

¶ Surly through improperacion/

Jef.

Wat.

Jef.

Wat.

Jef.

Wat.

Jef.

Of innumerable benefices.

Wat. ¶ So they benefices impropérate?

Jef. ¶ Ye and that many a curate.

Sayly coursse their cruell bellies.

Wat. ¶ They eate nether churche ne steple.

Jef. ¶ No but they robbe the pover people/

Devourynge their substance.

Wat. ¶ If they do spretuallly sowe/

They maye well temporally mowe/

After the apostles ordenaunce.

Jef. ¶ To see they have it better cheape/

For they temporall goodes reape/

And sowe nothyng spretuallly.

Their parisschons they sheare and clippe/

But they never open their lippe/

To geve theym eny fode gostly.

Wat. ¶ Happely they do it in prevete.

Jef. ¶ So god healde me it maye well be/

Under some secret clausure.

For it is surly so invisible/

That I trowe it is not possible/

To be sene of eny creature.

Wat. ¶ What requyre they of benefices?

Jef. ¶ No thyng but to have the sleces/

And avauntages carnally.

Wat. ¶ I perceave not well thy meanyng.

Jef. ¶ They are redyer to take vpythyng/

Then to preache to theym frutfully.

Is there eny grett differynge/
Bitwene theft and rythe gaderynge/

Wat.

After the practyse that we se?

Very litell/all thynges reckened/
Savyng that theves are corrected/
And rythe gaderers go scott fre.

Jes.

Have they no circumspencion/
With diligent affeccion/

Wat.

For their paretshes to provyde?

They sett in solysse dotardes/
More mete for to be bearwardes/

Jes.

Then christen mens soules to gyde.

And even as they do by farmage/

Bryng the londe into a rearage/

Contempnyng the state temporall.

In lyke maner by their rapyne/

They have brought into ruyne/

The order ecclesiasticall.

It apereth they are past grace.

They are the divels fornice/

Oven infernall vnsaciabie.

Wat.

Jes.

If these monkes are so noyous/
Bothe fraudulent and covetous/

Wat.

To what uses are they proffitable?

Jes.

Nowe by the death that I shall deye/

Of all people vnder neth the skye/

The worlde maye they in best spare.

Nether to the godly deite/

No: yett to mans vtilite/
In eny cace proffitable they are :
And not only vnnecessary/
But mo:oeuer clene contrary/
Defraudyng that to theym is due.
For though their lyfe so vicious/
To goddis lawes is iniurious/
Confoundyng the waye of vertue.
Yet are they more presumptuous/
Sayinge their workes meritorious/
Healpe synners to be goddis heyres.
Wherby Christis bloud they despyse/
As though it coulde not suffyse/
With out their damnable prayres.
And wheare as they shulde be prest/
At all seasons doynge their best/
The cōmen well to mayntayne.
Their bellies are so full of greace/
That nether in warre no: peace/
They cane do eny healpe certayne.
Yet their syndyng^e they expende/
Which shalde the londe defende/
Deuourynge many a knyghtes fe.
They are nether gostly/ner worldly/
Rather diuyllyshe then godly/
With out eny goode properte.

Wat. ¶ If they be soche ydell raueners/
They are lyke to the grett coursers/

Which noble men in stables kepe.
For they are cherished all waye/
With freshe litter and gode haye.
Doyng right nought but eate and slepe.

¶ There is in theym grett diversite/
For yf it come to extremite/

Jes.

They save their masters from yvill.
Where as these miserable brybers/
Bryng their fownders and healpers/
The strayght waye to the devill.

¶ Are they lyke to wolves ravenous ?

Wat.

¶ A grett deale more outragious/
Farre exceedynge their rapacite.

Jes.

For though they be cruell of kynde/
Yett they leave their skynnes be hynde/
As a mendes for their cruelte.

But this mischevous monicry/
Though they robbe every country/
Whyls they be here a lyve.

Yet can they not be so pleased/
But after that they be deceaced/

Least eny by theym shuld thryve.

They cary into their sepulture/
Their dayly clothynge and vesture/
Buried in their churlysshe habyte.

¶ Have they on their bores also ?

Wat.

¶ Ye by my trothe even redy to go/
To the devill withouten respyre.

Jes.

Wat. ¶ There is some mistery pondered/
That they vse so to be buried/
In their habyte and clothynge.

¶ Jef. ¶ No dout it is a mistery/
By coniectours manifestly/
Their wretched lyfe betokenynge.
For as in this lyfe they denayde/
Their Christen neighbours to ayde/
Lyyng here vnder heritably.
So by their death and latter ende/
In their buriall they pretende/
Not to be of Christis company.

Wat. ¶ To whom then do they pertayne?

¶ Jef. ¶ To the devill their soverayne/
Which hath theym all in his bonde.

Wat. ¶ Beware thou be not to bolde/
For thy lyfe were bought and solde/
Yf thou spake this in Englond.

¶ Jef. ¶ They maye well bothe ban and cours/
But they cannot do moche wors/
Then they did to Run the marchaunt.

Wat. ¶ Did they eny grevaunce to hym?

¶ Jef. ¶ Out of this lyfe they did hym tryme/
Because he was goddis servaunte.

Wat. ¶ He did some faulte greely notory?

¶ Jef. ¶ No thyng but for a mortuary/
The prestes agaynst hym did aryse.
No maner faulte in hym was fownde/

Yet was he hanged/brent/and drownde.

His goodes takyn vp for a pryse.

As an herityke they hym toke/

Because he had many a boke/

In englysshe/of holy scripture.

Also he worshipped no ymages/

And wolde not go on pilgrimages/

Usynge none othes to periure.

¶ Are the prelat^r so mad frantycke/

Wat.

To iudge soche a man an heritycke/

Shewynge tokens of sydelite?

¶ They regarde their worldly proffett/

Jef.

Wynnyng therby many a forfett/

Whiche moreth theym to crudelite.

Mens goodes wrongfully to cease/

They make herityk^r whom they please/

By faulce relacion af Someners.

¶ Have they none wother intellection?

Wat.

¶ Yes also by their confession/

Jef.

Which they tell in prestes cares.

¶ Dare they confessions to bewraye?

Wat.

¶ Confessions catha? ye by my saye/

Jef.

They kepe no secretnes at all.

Though noble men have doctours/

To be their private confessours/

Yet they have one that is generall.

¶ Besyde those which are perticuler?

Wat.

¶ Ye/and that hath brought some to care/

Jef.

Of whom I coulde make rehearceall.
 Wat. ¶ His name wolde I very fayne here.
 Jcf. ¶ It is the englisse Lucifer /
 Wootherwyse called the Cardinall.
 In all the londe there is no wyght/
 Neither lo:de baron/no: knyght/
 To whom he hath eny hatred.
 But ether by sower speche or swete/
 Of their confessours he will wete/
 Howe they have theym selves behaved.
 What they saye/it is accepted/
 In no poynte to be obiected/
 Though they be as falce as Judas.
 Wat. ¶ What authorite do they allege?
 Jcf. ¶ It is their churches previlege/
 Falcely to fayne that never was.
 Wat. ¶ Soche confessours are vniust.
 Jcf. ¶ Yet nedes do it they must/
 Yf they will to honoure ascende.
 Wat. ¶ Promocions are of the Kyngis gyst?
 Jcf. ¶ For all that he maketh soche shyft/
 That in his pleasure they depende.
 Though they have the kyngis patent/
 Except they have also his assent/
 It tourneth to none avauntage.
 His power he doth so extende/
 That the kyngis letters to rende/
 He will not forbear in his rage.

This is a grett presumpcion/

For a villayne bochers sonne/

His authorite so to avaanee.

But it is more to be marveyled/

That noble men wilbe confessed/

To these faytives of miscreaunce.

O/the grett whore of Babilon/

With her deadly cuppe of poyson/

Hath brought theym to dronkenship.

That paynted bo:des and ded stocke/

Carved ydoles in stones and blocke/

Above allmyghty god they wo:ship.

Hath Englund soche stacions/

Of devoute peregrinacions/

As are in fraunce and Italy?

Seke oute londes every chone/

And thou shalt fynde none so prone/

As Englonde/to this ydolatry.

Of wholy Roodes/there is soche a sight/

That bitwene this and mydnyght/

I coulde not make explication.

Then have they ladies as many/

Some of grace and some of mercy/

With divers of lamentacion.

Moreover paynted stocke and stones/

With skrynes/full of rotten bones/

To the whiche they make oblacion.

What are they after thy supposynges?

h iij

Wat.

Jef.

Wat.

Jef.

Wat. i

Jef. ¶ Stronge theves with outen glosynge/
And authours of prevaricacion.

Wat. ¶ Take hede thou do not blaspheme.

Jef. ¶ After their workes I theym esteeme/
Both to man and god oure creatoure.

Where as is no god but one.

We ought to worship hym alone/

And no false goddes to adoure.

Whiche of his honoure is defrauded/

By these ydoles faulcely lauded/

With sacrifice and adoracion.

Man in lyke maner they robbe/

Causynge poure folke to sygh and sobbe/

Takyng awaye their sustentacion.

Wat. ¶ The goddes that to theym are offered/

Are they not to pover people proffered/

Their necessites to relese?

Jef. ¶ It is wasted in ryetous revell/

Amonge many an ydell Javell/

To noyssh the murther and mischese.

Wat. ¶ I heare saye that besydes London/

There is oure lady of Wilsdon/

Which doth grett myracles dayly.

Jef. ¶ As for whordom/and letcherousnes/

She is the chese lady mastres/

Cōmen paramoure of baudry.

Many men as it is fnowen/

Sepe mo chyldren then their owne/

By her myracles promocion.

Wyves to deceave their husbandes/

Make to her many errandes/

Vnder coloure of devocion.

I Dost thou oure lady so backbyte?

No but I have the stocks in despyte/

Wherby they dishonoure her.

In scripture it is written/

And of oure lorde forbidden/

To be a false ydolatrer.

Whys thou dost so farre procede/

Howe is it then in thy crede/

Of Saynt Thomas of Cantowbury?

I beleve/and also I trust/

Yf that he were in this lyfe iust/

And of oure lordes vocacion.

That his soule hath fruicion/

Perpetually with out intermission/

Of eternall consolacion.

Ye but I meane of his body/

Shryned in the monastery/

With golde and stones precions.

Also the grett myracles wrought/

And howe of people he is sought/

With offerynges and gystes somptious.

As for that yf we geve credence/

To oure saveoure Christis sentence/

The Euangelistes bearynge recorde.

Wat.

Jef.

Wat.

Jef.

Wat.

Jef.

Many shall do thynges straunge/
Wherby they will boldly chalange/
To worcke in the name of oure lorde.
And yet Christ in theym hath no parte/
But worcke theym by the devils arte/
Usurpyng an angels lykenes.
Which doth hym silfe so transpose/
Fraudulently to begyle those/
That contempne goddis rightousnes.

Wat. ¶ Nevertheless as clarkes desyne/
Workyng of myracles is a signe/
That vnto god they are acceptable.

Jef. ¶ Shall we to men credence geve/
Or ought we the gospell to beleve/
Whose verite is impermutable?
I dare saye/and abyde therby/
That Saynt Thomas of Caunterbury/
With wother Saynt^r canonysed.
Yf their paynted efficacite/
Is but as it semeith to be.
Of god they are despysed.

For though they heale lame and blynde/
With mien(as they saye)out of mynde/
Healpyng diseases corporall.
Yet destroye they out of hande/
For every one of theym a thowsande/
Concernyng their soules spretuall.
And where as Christ doth requyre/

That of of god we shulde desyre/

All oure necessite and nede.

To theym we make petition/

Agaynst goddis prohibicion/

To wicked doctours geuyng hede.

¶ Well yet I ensue the Jefferaye/

Wat.

The gospell for theym they laye/

Growndyng on it their argument.

¶ Vayne watfyn that is a starcke lye.

Jef.

¶ Howe shall we then the troth trye/

Wat.

By some probacion evident?

¶ Mary take goddis wholly wrytynges/

Jef.

Nether addyng nor dimynysshynge/

But even playnly after the letter.

¶ They saye scripture is so diffuse/

Wat.

That laye people on it to muse/

Shulde be never the better.

It is no medlyng for soles/

But for soche as have bene at scoles/

As doctours that be graduate.

¶ Wenest thou that Peter the fischer/

Jef.

Vnderstode not scripture clearlyer/

Then the pharisaies obstinate?

Who did so wilfully resist/

Agaynst the receavyng of Christ/

As they which were learned?

¶ No wonder/ for they knewe hym not.

Wat.

¶ No more do oure doctours god wor/

Jef.

In eny poynte to be discerned.

Wat. ¶ Of Christ yett they make mencion.

Jef. ¶ Ye for be cause their pension/
With benefices maye be endued.
But in their lyfe and behaveoure/
They despyse Christ oure saveoure/
Labourynge his worde to exclude.

Wat. ¶ Canst thou prove this in dede?

Jef. ¶ Whosoever will the gospell rede/
To prove it shall nede no testes.

Wat. ¶ Peraventure they wolde have it hid/
Wherfore to rede it they forbid/
Lest men shulde knowe their wickednes.

Jef. ¶ Had thou studied an whoale yere/
Thou couldest not have gone no nere/
To hit their crafty suttelnes.

For yf the gospell were suffered/
Of laye people frely to be red/
In their owne moders langage.

They shulde se at their fynghers endes/
The abhominacions of these fendes/
With the abusion of pilgremage.

Also to perceave every whitt/
What it is Saynt^r forto visitt/
With nobles/brouches/and rynges.

Wat. ¶ Dost thou this custume reprehende?

Jef. ¶ I thyncke no goode man will comende/
Soche superstitious offerynges.

Wherof thre poyntes I will move/
By the whyche I shall playnly prove/
That it is a thyng vngodly.
Fyrst a poure man of farre dwellynge/
For his wyfe and chyldren labouryng/
To kepe and synde theym honestly.
Paraventure for some sickenes/
Or for a vowe of folissnes/
To accomplysse Satans institute.
Taketh on hym a farre viage/
To some Sayntes shryne or ymage/
Leavyng his housholde destitute.
Which often tymes do mis cary.
The meane while that he doth tary/
Bestowyng his labour in vayne.
And so goddis comaundment neglecte/
For smale tryfles of none effecte/
They put theym selves vnto payne.
Secondaryly/ what peysshnes/
Is it to honour with ryches/
Of deade sayntes the bodies?
Seynge that whyle they here lyved/
From ryches they were deprived/
As we rede in their stories/
Thirde/ it is no Christen touche/
To se many a golden ouche/
With rynges and stones preciously.
To make deade sayntes foite shryne/

Where pover folke for honger pynne/
Dyngge with out healte petiously.
And yf with all possibilitie/
Oure christen neighbours povertie/
Duly to ayde we are bownde.
Why do Saynctes it then transgresse/
In whom charitable perfetnes/
In especiall shulde redownde?
Saynct Ihon to Christ so amiable/
Sayth/excepte we be charitable/
Lovyngge eache wother fraternally.
It bootech not Christ to professe/
For why/we wander in darcknes/
With out light erroneously.
For howe can he have charite/
That seith his neighbours necessite/
And refuseth hym to socoure?

Wat. ¶ I marvaile not by hym that me made/
Yf they be with golde and stones so lade/
Though they cannot their neighbours se.
But nowe to speake earnestly/
Have their soules celestially/
In soche offerynges eny delyte?

Jef. ¶ It is to theym grett displeasure/
Abhoorynge it out of measure/
As a thyngge done in their despyte.

Wat. ¶ What were best then to be done?

Jef. ¶ To breake theym in peces a none/

Amonge poure folke to be distributed.

I Saw/to do that dede who durst/
Seynge that he shulde be a courtst/
And as an herityke reputed.

Wat.

Let theym with furiousnes swell/
Coursynge with boke/bell/and candell/
Whyls they have breath for to speake.

Jef.

Yet had we the Kynges licence/
We wolde with outen diffydence/
Their golden shrynes in peces breake.

What shulde we do with their ryches?

Wat.

Geve it to pover men in almes/
To whom of dute it doth longe.

Jef.

The Saynctes then wolde be angry/
Yf that we shulde be so hardy/
Unlawfully to do theym wronge.

Wat.

For some men have it assayde/
Whom saynctes have shreawedly arayde/
In revengynge their iniury.

So that by an whole nyghres space/
They were fayne to fepe one place/
The dores stondynge open aperly.

And what was their synall chaunce/

Jef.

By my sothe/in an hangynge daunce/
Their neck^r in a corde to preve.

Wat.

Use the Saynctes eny men to kyll?

Jef.

No but they make theym stonde still/
Untill they be taken of the Schereve.

Wat.

Then are thy lyke and semblable/
Vnto oure bissHops venerable/
Which saye/we will not mouther.
But they put men in soche savegarde/
That with in a whyle afterwarde/
They be sure to go no farther.

Jef. ¶ Are not soche saynct^r reprehensible?
Wat. ¶ Ye for they shulde be invincible/
Of charitable dileccion.

For if they will eny man noye/
Ether eny body to destroye /
They are not of Christis eleccion.

Whiche after Luk^r evangelion/
Sayde to thapostels James and Jhon/
Nescitis cuius spiritus estis.

The sonne of man hidder cam/
Not ferto destroye eny man/
But to save that perissshed is.

Wherfore let theym do wonders/
By the diuels their founders/
To leade men in blynde cecite.

Yett never thelesse thou and I/
Wolde put oure selves in ieopardy/
Agaynst all their malignite.

To take awaye their ouches/
Golden ryng^r and brouches/
Gevyng it vnto the poore.

Wat. ¶ Thou exceptst, S. Chutbert of Duram/

With oure lady of Walsyngam/

Also oure lady of the Moire.

I God beyng oure direccion/

We wolde make none excepcion/

Jef.

Agaynst the devils enchauntment^r.

To do their best/let theym not spare/

For we wolde make theym full bare/

Of their precious ornament^r.

Oure honeste then destayned/

Wat.

Suerly we shulde be proclaymed/

For outragious herety^r.

Why more we then the Cardinallz

Jef.

He attempteth nothyng at all/

Wat.

Soche maters in his bissshopryc^r.

I am sure thou hast hearde spoken/

Jef.

What monasteries he hath broken/

With out their fownders consent^r.

He subverteth churches/and chappells/

Takynge a waye bo^r and bells

With chalesces/and vestment^r.

He plucketh downe the costly leades/

That it maye rayne on sayner^r heades/

Not sparynge god nor oure ladye.

Where as they red servyce diuine/

There is grountynge of pigges and swyne/

With lowyng of oxen and fye.

The aultres of their celebrations/

Are made pearches for hens and capons/

Se soyllynge theym with their durt.
And though it be never so prophane/
He is counted a goodde christiane/
No man doynge hym eny hurtt.

Wat. ¶ A conscience yf it be sothe/
That the Cardinall so dothe/
I wonder that he is not apeached.

Jes. ¶ O/churche men are wyly foxes/
More crafty then iuggelers boxes/
To play ligier du mayne teached.
Yt is not for nought they sayne/
That the two sweardes to theym pertayne/
Both spretuall/and temporall.
Wherwith they playe on both bondes/
Most tyrannously in their bondes/
Holdynge the worlde vniversall.
Agaynst god they are so stobbourne/
That scripture theyrosse and tourne/
After their owne ymaginacion.
Yf they saye the mone is belewe/
We must beleve that it is true/
Admittynge their interpretacion.

Wat. ¶ Art thou not a frayde to presume/
Agaynst the Cardinalls fume/
Seynge they wilbe all on his syde?

Jes. ¶ No I do rather gretly reioyce/
That of a lytell wormes voyce/
Goddis iudgement maye be veryfyed.

Agaynst soche a wicked brothell/
Which sayth/vnder his girthell/
He holdeth Kynges and Princes.

To whom for a salutation/
I will rehearse a brefe oracion/
dedicate vnto his statlynes.

¶ Nowe gentell mate I the praye.

¶ Have at it then with out delaye/
Contempnyng his maliciousnes.

Wat.

Jef.

O miserable monster/most malicious/
father of perversite/patrone of hell.
O terrible Tyrant/to god and man odious/
Advocate of antichrist/to Christ rebell.
To the I speake/o caytife Cardinall so cruell.
Causeles charynge by thy coursed comādmēt.
To brenne goddis worde the wholy testamēt.

Godd's worde/grownd of all vertue ad grace
The fructuous sode/of oure saythfull trust.
Thou hast condemned in most carfull cace/
Throwe furions foly/falce and vniust.
O fearce Pharao/solower of flesshly lust.
What moved thy mynde by malyce to cōsent/
To brenne godd's worde/the wholy testamēt.

The tenoure of thy tyranny passeth my brayne
In every poynt evidently to endyght.
Hero nor herod/wer never so noyus certayne

b ii

i ii

All though of godde lawe they had lytel lyghe
Shame it is to speake howe agaynst ryght.
Thy hatfull hert hath caused to be brent/
Goddis true worde/the wholly testament.

O perverse preste patriarke of pryde/
Murtherer with out mercy most execrable.
O beastly brothell/of baudry the bryde/
Darlynge of the devill/ gretly detestable.
Alas/what wretch wolde be so vengeable?
At eny tyme to attempte soche impediment/
To brene godde worde/the wholly testament.

God of his goodenes/grudged not to dye/
Man to delyver from deadly dampnacion.
Whose will is that we shulde knowe perfectly
What he here hath done for oure saluacion.
O cruell Fayface/full of crafty conspiracion.
Howe durst thou geve then false iudgement
To brenne godde worde/the wholly testamēt.

Thy leawednes of lyvynge is loth to heare/
Christis go spell to come vnto cleare light.
Howe be it surly it is so spred farre and neare
That for to let it thou haste lytell myght.
God hath opened oure dercke dimed syght.
Truly to perceave thy tyrannous intent/
To brene godde worde/the wholly testament.

Agaynst thyne ambicion all people do crye/
Popously spēdige the sustenance of the pore
Thy haulte honoure hyly to magnify/
Maketh/ theves/ traytours/ and many a whore
Wo worth the wretche of wickednes the doer
Fonger of oure dayly damage and detriment
To brenne goddis worde the wholy testamēt.

O paynted pastoure/ of Satan the Prophet/
Ragynge cource/ wrapped in a wolues skynne
O butcherly bisskop/ to be a ruler pynete/
Maker of misery/ occasion of synne.
God graunt the grace nowe to begynne.
Sf thy dampnable dedes to be penitent/
Breñynge goddis worde/ the wholy testamēt

T No more for oure lordis passion/
Thou raylest nowe of a fassion/

Mat.

With rebuke most despytous/
No man shall these wordes advert/
But will indge theym of an hert/
To procede/ most contumelious.

T Though popishe cures here at do barcke/ **Jes.**
Yet thou mayst therein well marche/
The will of god accomplisshed.

The Cardinall thus to rewarde/
Which with oute eny godly regarde/
Desdayneth the trothe to be supplisshed.

Therefore as he did the truneth condempne/
So god wil hym and all his contempne/
With the swearde of punnysshment.

Wat. ¶ They had fyrst some provocacion:

Jes. ¶ None wother then the translacion/
Of the englysshe newe testament.

Wherin the authours with meeknes/
Utterly avoydyng conviciousnes/
Semeaned theym so discretly.

That with all their invencion/
They coude fynde no reprehencion/
Resistynge goddis worde wilfully.

Wat. ¶ Howe had the gospels fyrst entraunce/
Into Englonde so farre of distaunce/
Where to rede hym/no man mayer?

Jes. ¶ Good Chrysten men with pure affectes/
Of god singulerly theto electe/
With cost did hym thether conveye.

Which/even as Christ was betrayed/
So with hym the clargy played/
Therowe trayterous prodicion.

Wat. ¶ Who played the parte of Judas:

Jes. ¶ The wholy bisskop of Saynct Asse/
A poste of Satans iurisdiccion.

Whom they call Doctour standyshe/
Wone that is nether fleshe nor fyssh/
At all tymes a comen lyer.

He is a bablynge Questionist/

And a marvelous grett sophist/
Som tyme a lowly graye fryer.
Of stomake he is scarce and bolde/
In braulynge wordes a very scolde/
Menglynge vennem with sugre.
He despyseth the trueth of god/
Takynge parte rather with falcehod/
For to obtayne worldly lucre.
In carde playynge he is a goode greke/
And can styll of post and glycke/
Also a payre of dyce to trolle.
For whordom and fornicacions/
He maketh many visitacions/
His Dioces to pill and polle.
Though he be a stowre diuine/
Yet a prest to kepe a concubine/
He there admitteth wittingly.
So they paye their yearly tribut
Vnto his dyvlysshe substitut/
Official/or commissary.
To rehearce all his lvyng/
God geve it yvell chevynge/
Or els some amendment shortly.
Howe did he the gossell betraye?
As sone as ever he hearde saye/
That the gossell cam to Englonde.
Immediatly he did hym trappe/
And to the man in the red cappe/

b iiij

Wat.
Jef.

He brought hym with stronge honde,
Before whose prowde consistory/
Bryngynge in falce testimony/
The gospell he did theare accuse.

Wat. ¶ He did mo persones represent/
Then Judas the traytour malivolent/
Whiche betrayed Christ to the Jues.

Jef. ¶ Thou mayst se of theym in one manne/
Herod/Pilat/Cayphas/and Anne/

With their proprieties severall
And in another manifestly/
Judas full of conspiracy/
With the sectes pharisaicall.

They are a grett deale more mutable/
Then Proteus of forme so variable/
Which coulde hym sulse so disgyse.

They canne represent apes/and beares/
Lyons/and asses with longe eares/
Even as they list to divyse.

But nowe of standis the accusacion/
Brefly to make declaracion/

Thus to the Cardinall he spake.
Pleaseth youre honourable grace/

Here is chaunfed a pitious cace/

And to the church a grett lacke.

The gospell in oure Englishe tonge/

Of laye men to be red and songe/

Is nowe hidder come to remayne,

Which many heretyke shall make/
 Except youre grace some waye take/
 By youre authorite hym to restrayne.
 For truly it is no handlyng/
 For laye peoples vnderstondyng/
 With the gospel to be busy.
 Which many wone interprisynge/
 Into heresy it did brynge/
 Disdaynyng the churche vnreverently.
 ¶ Tosshe/these sayngs are sophisticall/
 I wolde heare the sence mysticall/
 Of these wordes right interpreted. Mat.
 ¶ In sayth with out simulacion/
 This is the right significacion/
 Of his meanyng to be expressed. Jes.
 O Cardinall so glorious/
 Thou arte Capitayne over vs/
 Antichristis chiefe member.
 Of all oure detestacions/
 And sinfull prevarications/
 Thou alone/art the defender.
 Wherefore healte nowe or els never/
 For we are vndone for ever/
 Yf the gospel abroade be spred.
 For then with in a whyle after/
 Every plowe manne and carter/
 Shall se what a lyfe we have led. Mat.
 Howe we have this five hondred yeres/

Rossed theym amonge the bryres/
Of desperate infidelite.
And howe we have the worlde brought/
Vnto beggery worssse then nought/
Through oure chargeable vanite.
Which knowen/we shalbe abhoired/
Reddi to be knocked in the forhed/
Oure welth taken awaye clene.
Therfore Tyrant playe nowe thy parte/
Seynge with the devill thou arte/
Gretter then eny manne hath bene.
Put the gospel a waye quyght/
That he come not to laye mens sight/
For to knowe goddis cōmaundement.
And then we that are the rēmenaunt/
Shall diligently be attendaunt/
To blynde theym with onre cōment.
Yf they have once inhibicion/
In no maner of condicion/
To rede goddis worde and his lawes.
For vs doctours of theology/
It shalbe but a smale mastery/
To make theym soles and dawes.
Loke what thou dost by tyranny/
We will alowe it by sophistry/
Agaynst these worldly villaynes.
Wat. ¶ Nowe truly this is the meanynge/
Howe soever be the speakynge/

Of these spretuall lordaynes.

¶ But what sayde the Cardinall here at:

Wat.

¶ He spake the wordes of Pilat/

Jef.

Sayinge/ I fynde no fault therein.

Howe be it/ the bissshops assembled/

Amonge theym he examened/

What was best to determyn:

Then answered bissHop Cayphas/

Hoc est.

That agrett parte better it was/

London.

The gossell to be cōdempned.

Epis.

Lest their vices manyfolde/

Shulde be knowne of yonge and olde/

Their estate to be contempned.

The Cardinall then incontinent/

Agaynst the gossell gave iudgement/

Sayinge/ to brenne he deserved.

Wherto all the bisschopp^r cried/

Answerynge/ it cannot be denyed/

He is worthy so to be served.

¶ If they playe thus their vages/

Wat.

They shall not escape the plages/

Which to theym of Rome happened.

At whose scourge so marvelous/

They wolde yf they were gracious/

Gladly to be admonished.

To whom goddis worde in purite/

Was fyrst shewed with humilite/

Accordynge to the veritable sence.

Howe be it they wolde not it receave/
But frawardly with swearde and gleave/
They expulsed it from thence.

Vnto tyranny they did leane/
Wherfore god vsynge another meane/
To brynge theym vnto repentaunce.

He stered vp some mens spryte/
Which their fantes did endyte/
Of their mischese makynge vtraunce.

Yet wolde not they amende/
But moare wilfully did deffende.

Their evill lyfe agaynst goddis worde.
Therfore as mislyvers obstinate/
They were destroyed nowe of late/
With pestilence and dent of sworde.

3ef. ¶ Thou hast rehearced thre poynt/
Which will make all prestes ioynt/
For feare to trymble and shake.
Seynge that the fyrst is past/
And the seconde cometh in fast/
Their hypocrisi to awake.

And yf they will not be refrayned/
The sworde of vengeance unfayned/
On their frawardnes will light.

Wat. ¶ Well/ let vs by no perswasion/
Geve no soche occasion/
Causynge christen men to fyght.

3ef. ¶ No man will have that suspicion/

But take it for an admonicion/
 Their unhappy lyfe to repent.
 For ye shewe as they shall fynde/
 Yf god inspire not their mynde/
 To labour for amendment.
 Which by scripture to verify/
 Let theym rede the prophet Jeremy/
 In the chapter/fower and twente.
 Howe be it I will me hens hye/
 Wheare as the Cardinals furre/
 With his treasure shall not gett me.
 ¶ Is this prowde Cardinall ryche/
 Then Christ or gode saynet Peter/
 In whose roume he doth succede?
 ¶ The bosses of his mulis brydles/
 Myght bye Christ and his disciples/
 As farre as I coude ever rede.
 ¶ Whether canst thou then flye awaye?
 ¶ To Constantinoble in Turkeye/
 Amonge hethen my lyfe to leade.
 ¶ Yf thou wilt then live christenly/
 Thou must vse thy silfe prevely/
 Or els surely thou arte but deade.
 ¶ I shall have theare as grett liberte/
 As in wother placis of christente/
 The trueth of Christ to professe.
 For he that will the trueth declare/
 I dare saye moche better he weare/

Wat.

Jes.

Wat.

Jes.

Wat.

Jes.

To be with theym in hehennesse.

Wat. ¶ Though thou go never so farre hence/
Yet with most terrible sentence/
To course the they will not mysse.

Jef. ¶ I ponder very lytell their courses/
For to god I saye with humblenes/
They shall course/and thou shall blysse.

Wat. ¶ In their courses/is their no parell?

Jef. ¶ No for they do it in the quarell/
Of their god which is their belly.

Wat. ¶ What mischevous god is that?

Jef. ¶ Wone that hath eaten op the farr/
Of england's wealth so mery.

Wat. ¶ I will gett me then into Wales/
To dwell amonge hilles and dales/
With folke that be simple and rude.

Jef. ¶ Come not there I counsell the.

For the prestes/their simplicitie/
Thowowe craftynes do so delude.

That whosoever is so hardy/
To speake agaynst prestes knavery/

For an herityfe they hym take.
Of whose miserable calamite/

Vnder the spretuall captivite/
I will here after a processe make.

Wat. ¶ Then will I go into the realme/
Of the plenteous londe of beame/
In the Cite of Prage to dwell.

Of two thyngs I will the warne/
Whiche thou must parfetly learne/
If thou wilt folowe my counsell.

Jes.

Fyrst beware in especiall/
Of the outwarde man exteriorall/

Though he shewe a fayre aperaunce/
Many shall come in a lambis synne/
Which are ravissynge wolues with in/
Ennemys to Christis ordinaunce.

The seconde is/yf eny reply/
Bryngynge in reasons obstinaty/
Agaynst that which semeth to be trewe.

Take no graduate for an authoure/
But remitt gode master doctoure/
To the olde testamente or newe.

And yf he will beare the in honde/
That thou canst not it vnderstonde/
Be cause of the difficulte.

Are hym howe thou arte able/
To vnderstonde a fayned fable.

Of more crafty subtilite?

If thou knowest their secretnes/
If I coulde in their very lycnes/
Declare theym yf I had respyte.

Wat.
Jes.

Well I will departe/adue/

Nowe I beseeche oure lorde Jesu/
To be thy gyde daye and nyght.

Wat.
Jes.

In descripciō of the Armes/for
wherfo: rede wheyby.

Christ godde sonne/borne of a mayden pore/
 For to save mankynd/from heven descended.
 Pope Clemente. the sonne of an whoore/
 To destroye man/from hell hath ascended.



In whom is evidently comprehended.
 The perfectt mefnes of oure saveoure Christ/
 And tyranny of the martherer Antichrist.

